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SELECTED POETRY.

FOREST PICTURES.

BY J BARBER, ESQ.

'Tis pleasant, in the joyous spring, the forest bowers to tread,
Where shadows of the living leaves dance lightly o'er the dead,
And ever as we wander on, gleams forth some beauteous thing—
The sparkling of a bubbling fount, the glancing of a wing.

Here weaves some blossomed parasite its richly-blushing woof
About the wild-wood's rugged shafts and through its waving roof,
While, nestling softly in the moss around the giant stems,
The little starry flowrets lie, like vegetable gems.

And then the glimpses which we catch of sky and stream, and glade,
Where stretches to the forest's verge the natural arcade,
How sweetly through the twilight gloom breaks in the sunny scene,
Like imaginings of Eden through the shadows of a dream.

Sweet is the greenwood minstrelsy—oh! ne'er can key or string
Vie with the winged melodists whom God has made to sing;
And e'en the locust's whirring beat, the hornet's buzz and drone,
Seems music in these still retreats, so beautiful and lone.

I love, in some green hiding place, to sit without a sound,
Till come the forest denizens all gambolling around,
While through the crashing underwood the deer [illegible],
And gracefully the squirrel bounds along the forest walks.

The scarlet-tufted woodpecker again his hammer plies,
And bird to bird, through all the woods, in every tone replies,
The while the subtle mocking-bird, with ever-varying call,
Sits laughing on the chestnut bough, the echo of them all.

How often mid such peaceful scenes, for hours I've sat and mused—
My setter crouching at my feet, my fowling piece unused;
Till, loving every living thing, I softly crept away,
Afraid to fright the timid ones I came intent to slay.

Who loves not the autumnal woods, when summer's leaves are sere,
When mantles of a thousand hues the woodland monarchs wear,
And still some crimson giant towers in triumph o'er the rest,
Like warrior fresh from slaughter, with its tint upon his crest.

When winter's tempests are abroad, oh! what sublimer sight,
Than when the broad-armed forest oaks, in unapparelled might,
Stand, like embattled skeletons, upon the storm's dark path,
And toss and writhe their groaning limbs beneath its howling wrath!

The towering pine-trees, still the same in every change of scene,
Alone remain to tell that earth once wore a robe of green,
Like hostages of Nature, left with us till she bring
Back from her Southern pilgrimage the fairy-footed Spring.

Amid the leafy solitudes I roam not as of yore;
The busy world's distracting crowd is round me with its roar,
But oft in Sabbath quietude, within God's holy pile,
I see, in thought, the living arch that shades the forest aisle.

Though proudly swells the circling dome up from the pillar'd hall,
Give me the foliated roof, the greenwood's flow'ry wall;
God's spirit seems to consecrate the shadows cool and dim,
And in their voiceful loneliness 'tis good to worship HIM.

I DO NOT ASK THY LOVE FROM FATE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I do not ask thy love from fate,
Though blessed those thou lovest are;
Thou art to me, beloved one,
Even as a star,
For which the dreaming spirit pineth,
While far away its cold light shineth.

I do not ask to hear thy voice
Fall gently on my listening ear;
My fainting soul would sink and die
As if with fear,
If thou shouldst utter words to me
Of more than common courtesy.

Alas! my heart with stifled sigh
Met e'en that lip's most careless tone,
And shrunk beneath that wild dark eye
Like flowers at noon!
How could it bear the burning words
Breathed forth in Love's impassioned chords!

But might I (as a spirit haunts
The silent spot it loves the best)
Meet the strange witchery of thy gaze
And watch thy rest,
And treasure up each glance and word
Myself unseen—unknown—unheard:

Then would I wander by thy side
In lonely love for evermore;
And follow thee with gliding step
From shore to shore;
Nor breathe one selfish wish to be
The cloud across thy memory.

But sometimes in thy dreaming ear,
Through the long watches of the night,
I'd rouse with some forgotten word
Thy spirit's might;
And thou shouldst wake and wonder why
My voice's tones seemed floating by.

My voice's tones! oh! will one word
Of all I uttered laughingly,
With lips that trembled while they smiled,
Return to thee?
I do not ask thy love—and yet—
Would that thy heart could not forget!

SELECTED TALES.

From the Pearl.

THE STOLEN BOY.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

(*Concluded.*)

Edward had retired to rest one night in the inner cave. He was awakened from a sound sleep by his friend, the good gipsey, whose name was Rudiger.—'Come Edward! arise!' said he, and gain your freedom.'

The words smote upon the ear of Edward like a voice from Heaven. He started upon his feet and in a delirium of joy cried out—'How! when! Is it so!'—Rudiger informed him that every one was absent from the cave excepting the three children and a drunken sailor, all of whom were asleep. 'I have determined,' said Rudiger, 'to leave the cave forever and seek some other employment, and you shall go with me. I am perfectly acquainted with every part of the country, for in my days of sin I used to take the lead in all our excursions. You must step softly. The sailor lies on the floor in the lighted room. We shall be forced to step over him.'

Edward was so impatient that Rudiger was hardly able to detain him long enough to make preparations for the journey.

Rudiger tied a scrip around Edward's waist and filled it with bread and cold meat. He then fastened a belt around his own middle and thrust two loaded pistols into it. 'Now said he to Edward, 'Come forth.'—Edward shoved aside the rug and emerged into the lighted room. The sailor lay across the passage snoring most melodiously, and Edward in his eagerness to step out of the sleeping-room trod upon one of his arms which was extended upon the floor. The sailor awoke and grasped Edward by the leg. Rudiger drew a pistol and took deliberate aim at the sailor's head.—'Don't fire!' said Edward, 'he is too drunk to do anything,' and he jerked his leg away leaving one leg of his trowsers in the sailor's hands.

'Ha! you lubber!' said the fellow with an oath, 'if my grapplings had held, I should have carried you by the board.'

But Rudiger and Edward did not stop to hear what he had to say. They clambered up and removed the stone from the cave's mouth. They replaced it again with care as soon as they got out.

The open air revived the spirits of Edward, who for four long weeks had been immured under ground in a hot, sultry cavern, without being allowed one glimpse of the heavens in all that time. 'How little do people know what blessings they enjoy' thought he, until they have been for a time deprived of them! Oh! liberty, liberty, how precious art thou to the freed captive!'

Rudiger stopped a moment to consider which road he had better take; but Edward caught hold of his arm. 'Oh! haste! haste!' said he let us get away from the fearful place before we are caught and put into that awful dungeon again.' Edward trembled very much, and began to weep at the idea of returning into the cave from which he had just escaped.

'How is this!' said Rudiger smiling, 'coming out of your prison occasions you to weep and tremble in this manner, how great will your sorrow be when you have arrived safely home to your parents.' 'I know that I behave very much like a child,'—said Edward, 'but—'

'It is very natural, interrupted Rudiger, and taking the boy by the hand walked rapidly through the thick bushes and underwood.

They soon emerged from this thicket and came out into the great forest.

Edward perceived that Rudiger looked about him with great caution, and started several times when the wind rustled among the dry leaves.

'Are you much in danger?' asked Edward.

'We are liable to be interrupted,' said Rudiger.

'By whom?' said Edward.

'Blue Jackets,' answered Rudiger and quickened [illegible] him.

'Oh! I shall be so glad!' said Edward, 'if I get once more safely home again. My sisters, too, will be so happy!' 'Do not talk, my son, said Rudiger mildly, We are passing a robber's cave.'

Edward took the hint and remained entirely silent. They next reached the lake. The canoe was moored a short distance from the shore. Rudiger darted into the water and swam off to it. He cut the cables and sculled the boat to land. Edward sprang on board, and sat down in the head of the boat. Rudiger pushed off and sculled for the opposite shore.

They had just reached the middle of the lake when the report of a pistol was heard. Edward gave a cry of terror. 'Fear nothing,' said Rudiger, 'their balls cannot reach us.'

'Whose balls?' asked the little boy. 'Get up and look over towards the shore which we have just left,' said Rudiger. Edward arose and looking in the direction pointed out, saw a dozen torches on the strand moving up and down, and distinctly heard the smuggling Captain exclaim: 'Yes, by all that's sacred my boy is gone! There's twenty guineas lost in one night, but hurry with the raft We may be able to overtake them yet.'

'I'm afraid they will catch us,' said Edward bursting into tears.

'Fear nothing from *them*,' cried Rudiger. 'I now know where they are they cannot come upon me by surprise.—The danger is over, unless we should meet the gipsy party.'

As Rudiger spoke these words, the boat struck the beach. The night was exceedingly dark, and Edward was surprised that Rudiger should be able to shape his course with so much exactness. But Rudiger did not immediately leave the canoe, and when Edward, who was all impatience, arose to jump out, he said 'Stop, my boy, not so fast.' He looked toward Rudiger for an explanation, but Rudiger was listening as closely as if life and death depended upon the moment. Edward did not dare to speak. He sat in the bows of the canoe with his eyes fixed upon Rudiger while every limb trembled like an aspen leaf. Suddenly he felt a hand grasp him firmly by one arm. He gave a loud scream which was heard above the report of Rudiger's pistol which went off at the instant. He felt his arm released from the stranger's hand, and heard something fall heavily into the water. The canoe was shoved off in an instant by Rudiger, and the whole gipsy party set up a loud cry of surprise and indignation, as they rushed into the water to seize the boat 'Ha!' exclaimed Rudiger, 'I thought I heard you in the bushes,' and he sculled the boat rapidly out into the deep water, when he stopped and said to Edward: 'We are now safe, it depends upon ourselves in great measure whether we continue so.'

The voice of Alice was heard crying out from the shore and loading Rudiger with all the curses which the English language affords.

'Ye whimpering, whining heartless booby!' exclaimed she, 'that Saul should die by the hand of such a thing as you. I'll tear your eyes out when I catch you, ye murdering lout!' I've killed Saul,' said Rudiger solemnly. 'Poor fellow he has gone to his long account unprepared—But I slew him in a good and righteous cause.'

Rudiger then told Edward that he need be under no apprehensions, 'for,' said he, 'the night is dark and we are not visible from the shore. I will run the boat into a small creek at one end of the lake, and when we land, we can strike off through the woods, and one mile's walk will bring us into the highway.

Edward liked the plan very much, and Rudiger was laying the boat round when, when he saw a dark body floating on the water within a pistol shot of the canoe. It moved slowly toward them. He was not long in doubt, for he began to hear human voices. He knew it was the smugglers' raft manned with sailors. 'Now, Edward,' whispered Rudiger, 'Be silent on the peril of your life, while I gently propel the boat forward.'—Rudiger then tried his boat to gain his distance, but just as Edward was thanking Heaven for his miraculous escape, one of the sailors bawled out 'Sail O!'—'We are discovered,' said Rudiger, 'but I think we can out sail them,' and he tugged lustily at the oar.—The Captain's voice was then heard, 'Bring to!' said he, 'or I will send you a shower of lead!' This made Edward quake, but Rudiger only increased his exertions.

The sailors set up a cry, and swore bitterly. They commanded Rudiger and Edward to surrender. Still Rudiger pressed on and said not a word.

Then Edward heard the Captain exclaim: 'Aim high! lift your pieces, and try not to kill the boy—fire!'

The waters were suddenly lit up by a sheet of flame from the raft, and the report of their pistols echoed thro' the forest.

A dozen balls whizzed through the air near the heads of Rudiger and Edward. One bullet struck the oar which Rudiger was using, but no further mischief was done. 'Try it again!' cried the fearless gipsy, and he laughed his enemies to scorn. The sailors now reloaded their pistols and kept up a constant fire at the canoe. Several balls struck the side of the boat, and Edward expected every moment to see his friend fall; but Rudiger plied his oar with the utmost coolness, and in a short time the canoe was lost to the view of the sailors in the surrounding darkness. Rudiger struck off in a new direction, while the sailors kept discharging their pistols in the same course. Much lead spattered in the was to no purpose, for the continued flashing of their arms prevented the mariners from descrying the boat's wake until she was completely out of their reach. But a new danger now presented itself. There was an old boat which, on account of its leaky condition, had been abandoned by the gipsies, and which lay on the shore under a jutting point of land almost covered up by bushes and drifting leaves.

When Rudiger stopped a moment to take breath after his violent exertions to escape the smugglers, he heard the voices of the gipsies, in the direction of the spot where the old boat lay. He, at once, concluded that the party on shore were engaged in launching the old boat and he knew that if they succeeded in doing so, it would not take them long to come up with the canoe, as he had but one miserable oar, while the old boat was provided with six.

But a stout heart never despairs. 'It is hard,' said Rudiger, 'if I cannot be persevering in a good cause, when I have so often braved every danger in a bad one.'

'What can we do?' cried Edward in great consternation, 'If we go back to the shore from whence we came, a part of the smugglers are there. We cannot land on this side, and if we strike out for the creek you spoke of, it is a long distance off, and the big boat will overtake us before we get half way there!'

Rudiger leaned upon his oar and looked steadfastly at Edward. After a moment's silence he said: 'Are you afraid to die?' 'The voice of the young man was very solemn and impressive. Edward was struck with his manner. He answered not Rudiger went on:—'It was you who first led me into this path of grace.—You told me that Religion was a never failing support in times of affliction and at the hour of Death. Oh, Edward! Edward! it is at such a time as this that our faith in God is tried, If *you* despair, how can *I* hope?'

This reproof penetrated to the heart of the sensitive boy. He hushed his fears and cast his hope in him who is 'mighty to save'—He saw that Rudiger had never doubted the good providence of God, while he had wavered. He then understood the meaning of that scripture which says: 'The first shall be last, and the last first.' Rudiger now prepared for a vigorous return—the shout of exultation was heard from the shore as the gipsies plunged their oars into the sparkling wave; when a new scene followed. A blaze of light broke from the rear of the gipsy party.

The forest seemed to be teeming with armed men—their weapons flashed in the torch-light. The hasty trampling of their footsteps was heard, and louder than the screams of the routed gipsies was the hoarse voice of Henry Waldon, urging his followers to the charge while his sinewy arm scattered the dismayed vagrants like chaff before the whirlwind.

On he came more furious than the lioness rushing to the rescue of her captured young. His companions hastened to surround the flying gipsies, determined that not one should escape.

What said Edward then? Did he spring upon his feet in an ecstasy joy and shout aloud with transport? No. His heart which had nerved to meet danger in every shape; even death itself, seem to be overpowered with this sudden change in his prospects. The deliverance was so unexpected; and the presence of that parent whom he had not seen for a long time, the re[illegible] produced sensations so powerful that his limbs seemed to lose their vigor, his head sunk on his bosom, and he softly murmured: ''Tis my father's voice—he will take me in his arms once.'

Rudiger turned his eyes upward to Heaven and after pouring forth his gratitude to God, made for the shore with all speed. Edward saw his father standing upon the beach, and beheld Alice bound hand and foot prostrate before him. He called out to his parent. Henry knew the voice and ran into the water to receive him as the boat came up.

In a moment the father and son were locked in each other's embrace.

The captive gipsies now knew that Edward was the son of their conqueror. As they came up out of the water together, Alice caught hold of Edward's skirt with her shackled hands and implored him to intercede for her with his father. 'You know, my son,' said she, 'that I have always been your best friend. Do, for mercy's sake persuade your father to set me at liberty!' Thus did this vile wretch who had strove to injure the captive boy and often insisted upon his death, care to urge claims upon his gratitude! Thus did this cowardly monster shrink from the approaching fate which she so richly deserved. But judgment and justice took their course. The gipsies were punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

Let us turn from them, and inform the reader how Henry Waldron came to appear at this critical juncture.

He had gone almost distracted when his little son first disappeared. His wife and children had done nothing but weep and sigh during Edward's absence. But Henry sought his boy in every part of the country. He at length gave up the pursuit, and mourning him as dead, was returning home when in a small village, he saw the gipsy party, and Edwards hat was on the head of one of the old women. He recognized it at once, and he no longer doubted that his boy was alive and in captivity. He kept his eye on the gipsies, informed the villagers of his discovery, and besought them to join him in a plan which he had formed for recovering his lost son.

The men all turned out with alacrity, and having armed themselves, waited until night, when the gipsies moved homeward.

Their pursuers kept close in their rear, but not so close as to be discovered by the vagrants.

In passing through the forest, Henry and his companions, for a short time lost the run of the gipsy party, but when the firing took place on the lake, the report of the smugglers' pistols served as a guide to direct them to the spot where the party were. Henry came upon them just as they had launched the old boat, and seeing no chance of crossing the lake, was afraid he should lose them after all. He gave directions to his men to light their torches and surround the gipsies. Just then a [illegible] straggled away from the main body. This boy was questioned. He confessed that Edward was alive and on the lake in a canoe, and also that the gipsies were about going in pursuit of him.

Henry Waldon heard no more. He gave orders to charge at once. He led the van, and the reader has already been informed what followed.

Edward was borne home in triumph. He reached the house of his parents the next evening. There was no sleep in the Waldon house that night.

All was joy and congratulation. Edward's schoolfellows flew to welcome him; Mr Finn the schoolmaster was there; Rudiger was hailed with uncontrolled enthusiasm—and He who had wrought good out of evil was not forgotten, for as the parson Mr Willis, shook Edward by the hand he said 'God has been merciful to thee my son,' and the loud anthem of praise shook the very roof of the mansion. Henry took Rudiger into his shop and learnt him his business. The good gipsy still lives and is a thriving mechanic and very pious man.

Edward is the father of a fine family, and the pastor of a church in Northumberland.

JULIAN AND LEONOR.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

Perhaps the greatest value of this anecdote is that it is literally 'founded upon facts.' The circumstances are not wholly unknown in Rome and Venice, nor the *dramatis personæ* in England.

Where sea-girt Venice points westwardly into the Adriatic, there is a little lone island, dimly visible from the sandy shore of the Lido, to which your *gondolieri* may row you in about half an hour. It looks dark and desolate—the stranger's step rarely intrudes upon its loneliness, but it is oftener visited by the Venetians, who turn from the gaiety of the Piazza di San Marco,

'The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.'

to indulge, in that lone place, in the melancholy emotions which follow the *estro* of enjoyment. In the triumphant and stirring times of blind old Dandolo, it was a sort of gathering place for the wild mariners who swept the Adriatic and the Levant, with a piratical freedom. They built a dwelling there, in which convenience was consulted rather than architectural beauty, and the place seems well adapted for the rendezvous of those skimmers of the seas. When the flag of St. Mark ceased to be the talisman of power, pomp, pride, and victory, as the prows of Venice swept over the seas—with an eagle's arrowy flight—these ocean freebooters, also felt decay; the island became deserted—their citadel a ruin, and, of late years only, did it receive a partial renovation, when it became converted into, and used as a lazar-house or receptacle for the insane.

Among the many inmates of this dreary abode was one, whose madness was of a mild and subdued nature. When I learned that he was an Englishman, my curiosity—or it may be, a higher and better feeling—became strongly excited. I enquired into the particulars of his story, and the result of this inquisition still more deeply interested me in his fate, while it assured me, also, that it would not be very difficult to soften his complaint—less of madness than melancholy; its asperities being few and faint, its paroxysms were unfrequent—his demeanor exhibited more of a mind warped than wrecked—and upon all points but one, he was fully as rational as one half the world. But I anticipate my tale. It is a sad narrative of a high heart which 'brokenly lived on,' with all its ardent hopes shattered, and its affections scattered in the dust around it.

When I first saw that young Englishman in the Venetian madhouse, he seemed about thirty years of age. Toil and turmoil of the mind had given him a furrowed cheek, for I afterwards knew that he wanted some years of his apparent age. He was rich and high born. He must have been more than usually beautiful—if we may apply the term 'beautiful' to man—for even then, the pale shadow of his former self, he was one on whom the eye would involuntarily linger—just as we *cannot* pass by with the mere common glance of admiration, some splendid productions, where the art of the sculptor (Pygmalion-like) has thrown such *mind* into the marble that it seems as if struggling into the energy of life.

From his youth upward, he was enthusiastic as the veriest poet, whose mind is so exquisitely formed, as to be crushed in contact with the rude world—like some fairy-like piece of exquisite and [illegible] which is fragmented by a slight touch. His imagination had loved to run riot, through the enchanted fields of poetic fancy, before he had 'girt his mind' to the [illegible] of climbing to thirst at the deep-welling fountains of solid knowledge. But, in time, this necessity became self-apparent, and he plunged, eagerly, into the deep [illegible] of what Learning from her ancient scrolls can [illegible], or Nature scatter forth, to the enquirer, from her ever open and exhaustless volume of beauty and living action. He drank deeply of the mingled waters of other men's detailed experience, and his own dreamy imaginings. The magnificence of this world's external beauty filled him with wild delight. He had become an IDEALIST.

Whatever he looked—whatever he beheld—however Nature arrayed herself, all ministered to the pleasure of a mind sensitively awake to a keen and quick perception of the beautiful. Like that flower which still turns to the Day-God, as he treads the azure paths of heaven, and folds up her golden petals when his glory retires to gladden other lands—so did his spirit expand, as it gazed delightedly on this world we are in and of; and so too, when the dusky twilight of graver thought came on, did it veil its contemplation from the darkness which then succeeded it. For, hitherto, although he sometimes [illegible] course, to wonder at many things—[illegible] Morgana to the Sicilian peasant—his soul [illegible] tranquil in the rapid path he traversed.

At length—for it could not long be otherwise—he panted for communings with an intelligence like his own. He sighed for some Egeria in his loneliness. His fancy framed for himself a being bright in charms, and beautiful in intelligence. It endowed her with all of fair, or wise, or wonderful that lover, philosopher, or poet could severally have imaged. He languished for the bright reality of that dear vision which haunted his dreams by night, and his thoughts by day—breathing, beautiful, and real!

And let not this seem strange—for the idealist has endowments which are his own peculiars. All space, all time, all things become subsidiary to one engrossing thought. 'I will go forth,' thought he, 'to seek in other lands for that intelligence and beauty which I have vainly quested in my own. In other climes, which Nature has arrayed in her most magnificent and beautiful hues, there must exist some corresponding human beauty and intellect to match the gorgeousness which rests beneath those far and favored skies. Surely, the children in those sunny lands must still be beautiful and gifted, as in old days when they were the poet-themes which even now stir the soul of man up from its very depths!'

He made the tour of Europe—and still was dissatisfied. In France he did not find the creature he sought for. Beautiful women met his eye—wit, lightning-winged fell from their lips—they had pretty words, strung like pearls, for his ear—smiles, which seemed the very arrows of a most hearted love—fascination which like a whirlpool, drew all admiration into its eddy—but he found, or fancied, that all was mere show, and tinsel, he distrusted the *seeming* sincerity of heart with which heartlessness can so well invest herself, and he fled, in disgust, from the Calypso wiles of Parisian fashion. It was the same wherever he went: all places lacked the Hesperian fruit he sought. So as a last resource, he turned his pilgrim-steps to Italy, and if here he failed also; if indeed the being he sought was not to be found—if fancy had cheated him with a dream of what would not be if his desire was to be unsatisfied, his resolve was to return from the wildering world of imagination to the real world of action—to let ambition have a proper sway within his heart—to aspire to a station among the magnates of the land—to live for others as hitherto he had lived but for himself. He knew that a man may himself be bankrupt in happiness, and yet bestow it.

So, he came to Rome, where, for a time the distracting thoughts, which so long had torn his bosom became stilled and subdued. He was now amid the wrecks of national glory and grandeur, and thinking on what [illegible] was no wonder if spirit led by the memory of hoar antiquity, he should forget his own thoughts. But this was soon past; he still trod upon the grave of Empire, but the spell had lost its power—he returned to the contemplation of the shrined hopes of his youthful fancy, smiling at his having ever forgotten them.

But at Rome, though his stay was prolonged, his pursuit of the embodiment of mental and personal beauty was in vain. Yet he lingered with the 'Niobe of nations.' At length, when hope grew dead, and he had become even somewhat ashamed of the phantasy which had cost him so much anxiety, he was preparing—in a chastened and sober mood, to return to England, when he was persuaded to attend a masqued ball at the palace Borghese.

He mingled with the crowds, and was quitting that gorgeous scene—where happy hearts were more happy, and sad ones put on the seeming of joy to cheat themselves into a forgetfulness of grief—when a lady, habited as Hebe, attracted his attention. He spoke to her, and her ready wit, eloquent words, rich simplicity of manner, and rare dignity of demeanor, made him yet more interested in this chance companion. It was the sole daughter of the last of the haughty house of Colonna, who thus enslaved him. She had marked the coldness of his manner, the abstraction of his very mirth, and, with all the innocent thoughtlessness of suspicionless youth, had sportively said that *she* would endeavor to thaw the frozen veil which enwrapped the northern stranger. She succeeded.

I mentioned that Julian—for I will name him thus—was of high birth. The ancestral house of Colonna, on whose columns the honors of Rome once rested—remained prouder in its poverty, than even when wealth gave it a golden appanage. Julian soon knew that a daughter of that high and haughty line would not be given to a stranger. The Colonna family numbered the mighty among its alliances of old, and Leonor—this fair and sole scion of its latter days—was destined for a convent's cell, or a marriage of interest.

And the knowledge of this but fed the flame which filled Julian's heart. He loved this fair daughter of the land of beauty and of passion. To him she appeared the realization of all which he had hopelessly hoped for, the gem, worth a monarch's ransom, to be snatched from the treasury of life, and pressed to his heart as priceless.

He offered his hand and heart to the lovely maiden. The offer met with calm and cold rejection. But it is said, I cannot guess how truly, that in Italy, as in England, a lady's 'no' may sometimes be interpreted, by love, into a half compliance—and Julian found it well to hold this consoling casuistry of passion.

It were a tedious, and perhaps an idle task to give, with the minuteness of an eye witness, the delineations of passion—thoughts whose working I have not witnessed. Leonor was conscious of the power of her great beauty: proud too, of her natural genius, and her wealth of accomplishments; but amid this consciousness of dominion, and this pride of mind, there ran an undercurrent of deeper and better thoughts. She could know the value of a true heart—she soon repented the fancied necessity which led her to reject the hand of such a lover as Julian.

To him—intellectual and enthusiastic, Leonor appeared as gifted in mind as she was confessedly peerless in person, and he still cherished—almost against hope—the thought that she might yet be the living flower to bloom by his ancestral hearth, sole in his heart and nurtured by his love. Mock not at such a hope—love is most dream-like; it is composed of an alternation of hopes and fears: its hopes are clouded by the shadow fear flings across them, and its very *fears* are sun-tinted by the gleams which hope reflects from its mirror, whereon are imaged a thousand thoughts of future bliss. And who may expect the boon of success so well as the young and the gifted? Julian was one of these.

One evening in the autumn, he walked amid the ruins of the coliseum, accompanied by Leonor—for they had separated from the company. They paused to gaze upon the splendor of the night-queen, then springing from her glory-bed on high, illumining the world with her silver sheen. It was a scene for the heart to muse over, with a melancholy not unpleasing, beholding the shattered remains of the world's ancient mistress. It was a scene for regret, for memory, for admiration, but it did not deeply interest them long—for when the heart [illegible] with the pulse of passion, love becomes the only inspiration of the thoughts of youth.

Leonor felt the [illegible] influence of the hour and the scene. The [illegible] her heart had touched [illegible] and as she looked steadfastly upon his noble brow, and drank in the eloquence which flowed from his lips, as he talked of the glory of Rome's elder days, and as his eye even more eloquent than his winged words, beamed with enthusiasm as he spoke of that departed greatness—oh, who can blame, if the haughty heart of the fair Colonna, unbent from its pride—if a consciousness of her admirer's worth flashed across her with the suddenness of thought and the certainty of conviction—if a softer accent dwelt upon her tone, and a tender feeling glanced from her flashing eye.

She knew that this was the last evening of Julian's stay in Rome. At the rejection of his suit, he felt indignation, and there flows but a narrow Rubicon, to separate that feeling from love. To forget, however, is a task more difficult than to adore. With Julian—for he had tried it—forgetfulness was impossible. He had found it difficult to avoid her society. Latterly, his manner towards Leonor had been studiedly indifferent—but now when the morrow's sun was to see him depart for ever, from the place which her presence had sanctified to him [illegible] there was a tenderness (unknown to himself) in his slightest words, that then sunk into the heart—hitherto cold as the marble pillar at whose base they sat—which he had ceased to hope would ever respond to his.

He changed the subject of their conversation. Hitherto he had spoken of indifferent themes, to wile away the fast-thronging thoughts—unsummoned memories—which rose into his heart. The effort had failed. He ceased to speak, and Leonor and he were both silent, with mutual but unacknowledged emotions. At length, he broke the silence; at first he spoke calmly, but as he proceeded, his voice had a deeper tone of feeling, his manner became more earnest, his eye flashed, and his cheek and brow grew passion-flushed.

'We part, Leonor,' said he, 'I could have wished for a happier doom. Henceforth a solitary hearth, and shattered hopes are mine. That I loved—that I love you I need not now repeat. The tale has been told you once too often, but the feeling will not—cannot cease, but with my life. You, with the pride of a high ancestral name—amid the admiration of a thousand hearts, and the hopes of youth and beauty—may live lovely and beloved; but the more bitter doom is mine.'

'No,' interrupted Leonor, 'like yours, my course will be a lone and sorrowing one. I can bring but a worldly heart and baffled hopes to the altar, at which, as a victim, I am to be devoted. A little month will see my youth and its beauty, which you praise, lost in the gloom of a convent's cell. Perhaps before then, you will have forgotten this passion which you say consumes you.'

But, as she spoke the words, there was a melancholy tenderness in her subdued voice, and Julian's hopes began to bud anew. Even when we are turning away from the portal of hope, some re-calling whisper is heard to teach us the 'open sesame' which we had forgotten.

'And why, dearest Leonor, need a convent's gloom be the portion of one so fair, so hearted? Are there no climes but this of Italy where love can make the fond heart happy? No skies where tenderness may bloom, and exhaustless affection be nourished? In my own land there are happy hearts to greet my return, and love *her* whose love would make glad my home. Fly with me then, if flight be needful, or here give me a claim to call you my own; let a husband's right supersede those of a parent, and the utmost pride of Rome's haughtiest houses shall not, and cannot break the love-links by which our happy hearts will be united!'

The lady's answer is not on record—but she placed her hand in his, and threw herself into his arms and wept, long but not bitterly. If these be not symptoms of her accordance to his proffer, then am I unversed in the lore of love.

The mingled [illegible] of the lovers—the glad confession, each to each, of the birth and progress of their affection—the happy aspirations for a long life-dream of joy that hope breathed forth—*these* cannot be mistaken. Has love a happier time than this? Ere they parted, the lovers had agreed to substitute the nuptial ceremony for that ritual sacrifice by which it was intended to dedicate Leonor to cold celibacy. Her heart had always abhorred the cell—she felt happy at avoiding it, and *thus*.

There is always some bitterness springing up, to cast its poison into the cup of life. The young can but dream of these things, at first, but the more mature feel them in sad reality—some busy babbler—some wretched eaves dropper, had listened to the converse of the lovers, and, by the morrow's dawn, her proud father had learned the affection and the resolve of Leonor.—He had no compunction when he doomed her to the gloom of a convent, that living grave where woman in her youth and beauty, is entombed, with all her budding affections, and delicate hopes. But his heart panted with indignation, when he knew that his daughter had dared to feel for herself and wed happiness. 'I would not,' said he, 'have had her espouse the proudest he in Rome, and she shall not wed with a stranger to her country and its faith.' So, ere a week passed, Leonor had been forced to commence her novitiate in the convent.

Distraction seized on Julian when he learned this. He had been absent at Venice, when this harsh step was taken, and exaggeration reported that Leonor had been professed a nun. His paroxysms of anger and outraged love eventuated in a dangerous and tedious illness, which subsided into the melancholy madness, in which I first saw him. He was placed in that *lazar house*, on the lone island in the Venetian lagune, of which I have already made mention.

Leonor inherited all the lofty spirit of her ancestors. She did not lack the heart to conceive or the will to execute. Weeks passed by, and the consciousness of her wrongs, with the excitement of her love—stronger from its persecution, as religion grows mightier from the bonds and bars in which intolerance would bind it—urged the desire of rescue—of return to liberty and love. After a time, the circumstance of Julian's madness reached her ear, and augmented her determined will. 'He,' thought she, 'cannot now take me from this living tomb. What he cannot achieve for me, let me perform for him. Let me break the bonds which detain me here, and hasten to restore his mind to its wonted vigor. Medicine fails to do so, but there is a spell in the great power of love which can administer hope even to the hopeless, drive despair from the despairing, and relume the flickering lamp of reason with a light as beautiful as affection ever gleamed upon pale.'

At the festival of the carnival—immediately preceding lent—there is always allowed great latitude and liberty to both sexes. Sometimes, although it does not commonly occur, the novices are permitted to leave their convents, under strict *surveillance*, and, in quaint disguises of the season, mingle with that world of life and love, to which they are on the eve of bidding a long farewell. To Leonor this indulgence was proffered and by her accepted. Her demeanor had been so calm, her devotion so regular, her endurance so voiceless, that they feared the monotony of such a life might wear away the vigor of her mind—even as water, drop by drop, wears away the marble—and they did not apprehend that such apathy as hers, would abuse the privilege they allowed her, so she mingled with the crowd, and her well assumed air of abstraction completely deceived her attendant, until at length she became less watchful, and in this interregnum of vigilance, Leonor was left to herself. She seized the opportunity afforded by this desertion, and speeded to execute her project. Its boldness was equalled by its success.

At that time, the seventh Pius wore the pontifical tiara. Leonor was no stranger to the person of the good old man. She had, more than once, received his almost parental blessing, and to the Vatican she proceeded strong in hope.

There was not much dignity preserved in that stately dwelling of the 'head of the church on earth,' and, in that season of revelry and feasting, that little was so much relaxed, that it was no very difficult matter for Leonor to penetrate, almost unquestioned, into the private chamber of the pontiff. She had passed through the splendid suite of apartments, and at length reached the peculiar and private audience room of the pope. As she paused by the door, pondering on the best mode of interesting Pius in the story of her wrongs, she was accosted, in a gentle and parental tone, by an old man [illegible]

[illegible]

'I release you my daughter, [illegible] of the conventual life. [illegible] Earth, as yet, has higher claims upon you. Go, and join him to whom your heart's hopes are anchored: offer with him those conjugal vows, which are a holy rite of his faith and a solemn sacrament of ours. Go, and serve your God in another land, for your duty cannot be made [illegible] in this—and if ever your heart should incline to stray from that faith which has been the faith of your fathers through long ages, remember that I have blessed your union with one whose God is my God, although we worship him in different modes, and pray to the throne of the Highest for grace to guide you in the true path to peace here and happiness hereafter.'

Fervently did Leonor thank him, and rapidly did she run through the plan which she had formed for the restoration of her Julian to health and happiness. The good old man smiled at her [illegible], and approved of the details of her project. He even offered her money to assist it, and she accepted the assistance. She took leave of him, deeply touched by his kindness, and pleased with the [illegible].

When Julian had resided some time in the [illegible] madhouse, his disease became much mitigated. It subsided into melancholy; in a word, he was quite rational upon all points, but one. He believed that Leonor was lost to him forever, and thus he had no hope to console him. The very sound of a woman's voice agitated him—this was the fatal chord, which could not be touched without awakening the violence of his most unhappy mood. When first I saw him, I was struck with the elegance of his person, even in that [illegible] abode. One day as I was passing by his door, he was amusing himself on the guitar. His voice was sweet in its manly depth, and he displayed no inconsiderable skill in music. His song was simple—the words were his own and he had arranged them to a wild but pathetic melody. The song ran thus:—

As the violet loveth the welcome shade,
And the mariner loveth the sea—
As the peasant boy loveth his native glade,
Where his bounding step is free—
As the nightingale loveth the lonely flower
Which blooms by the rippling rill—
As the maiden loveth the moonlight hour
Where music hails her still;
So doth my spirit cling to thine,
As it never would part more,
And fancy all it loved were mine,
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

But the mariner finds an ocean grave—
And the violet blooms to die—
And the peasant sinks into the slave,
Beneath some tyrant's eye—
And withers the rose by the rippling [illegible]
And the bird's sweet strain grows dull—
And a cloud flits over the moon's pale beam,
For the loss of the beautiful:
And thus, fair spirit, thoughts of thee
In care and grief are o'er;
Why lingers the bright, the glad, the free?
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

While he was singing, my steps had been arrested by the melody, so unusual in such a place—and I yet remained by the door of his apartment when he opened it. A few words of apology led to a gentle and gracious reply from him. A few moments after, and we were wandering, arm in arm, in the garden of the citadel. I did not then know that he was confined therein—indeed, I was scarcely aware of the use to which the Austrian authorities at Venice had devoted that building. We separated with a promise to meet again.

On enquiry, my hostess told me the popular legend of Julian's sad story, and you may be sure it did not [illegible]. Frequently I visited that lone island, and became more and more charmed with the wonders of mind and the treasures of knowledge which were the rich possessions of the ill-fated Julian. At last, scarcely a day passed that I did not visit him—for the gaiety of Venice (all glare and glitter) did not suit my mind at the time. My friends smiled as I withdrew from their mirthful society, and many rare quips and jests were passed upon my relinquishing their converse for that of my unhappy countryman. That I did so was well known in Venice.

One day as I was about leaving my home for Julian's habitation, a boy was ushered into the chamber, on the plea of urgent business. In a sweet voice, and with entreating aspect, he said, '[illegible] the attendants.' I did so, and he threw himself before me, soliciting my permission to attend on my friend Julian 'as a companion—an attendant—a menial. I know,' said he, 'that I have the power of restoring him to health, and I trust you will not refuse the boon I pray for.' I raised the youth from his lowly posture. We had a long interview during which he communicated such peculiar circumstances, that I could no longer refuse to comply with his request, and with a hope flushed cheek, and a heart swelling with high admiration of the conduct of the youth, who had given me full confidence in his history and intentions, I went to the island.

I did not lose much time in mentioning to Julian that I had brought a careful attendant with me. Briefly explaining that the youth had solicited to wait upon him, I introduced him. I perceived Julian's cheek to flush, and his eyes to brighten, and his frame tremble with emotion when the youth entered. These were momentary, but renewed more slightly when he heard the youth's voice, which was low and sweet. As he waited upon us at table I noticed that his lip quivered, and his cheek paled as he watched the ravages which disease and neglect had made in the features of Julian.

Matters went on smoothly enough for some weeks, until the youth, one day, called me aside and said, 'I am tired of this horror of suspense, and would wish to undertake Julian's cure now, before the heat of the summer season, which is always dangerous in this climate to those who suffer from disease of the mind.' So, knowing of what he proposed doing, I acquiesced.

That night when we sat at supper, the youth brought a chrystal goblet full of wine, which he proffered to Julian.

'It is,' said he, your birth day, and you must make merry with your friend, as they do in England, my dear master.' Julian said with a smile, 'I will drink if you will tell me how you know, what I had forgotten, that this is my birth day?' The youth blushed, and replied, 'Drink of the wine first, and I will afterwards inform you.' So Julian drained the cup, and suddenly fell back on the sofa; for the youth had mixed with the wine a subtle powder which had the power of inducing strong and sudden sleep. We placed him on the couch at once, and waited his awakening.

He slept calmly as an infant, for many hours, and when at last the heaviness of slumber [illegible]—as we could perceive by his restless [illegible]—the youth left the room, saying, 'if he complain of thirst give him to drink of the cup which stands by you recess, and before then do not [illegible] the converse on the subject of his illness and [illegible].'

Presently Julian awoke, and I knew by the color on his cheek and the calmness of his glance that a great change had taken place. He said, as if to himself, murmured the strain of his song—

'Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!'

And then, after a pause, said—'I am, as it were, awakening from a dream; will you not inform me of what has happened?' And I told him of his illness, and we spoke of the cause, and then I knew that he was recovered, for he did not decline to hear me speak of Leonor, whose name heretofore, he had allowed none but himself to speak. 'We must save her,' said he, 'she loves me better than she loves aught else in this world. The youth who hath so carefully attended me, and youthful, shall join to save her.' Then he inquired where that youth was, and complained of a great thirst. I remembered what [illegible] the youth had given, and handed the cup of water to him.

He drank. At the bottom of the cup was a golden ring—which, when he saw, [illegible] grew pale as death, and he was for a [illegible] silent, except the [illegible] of his lips, which were much convulsed. 'Whence came this?' said he at last. And as I was about replying, the door opened, and the youth [illegible] and his [illegible], her [illegible] hair [illegible]

beautiful. And Julian, when he saw her, knew his lost Leonor.

Indeed I knew from the [illegible]—for she had told me; but fearing that her sudden appearance might altogether overthrow his mind, she had then provided, to obtain a crisis by means of the subtle drug which she put into his wine. It was a fearful experiment—but what will not love essay when health and happiness are trembling in the scale against madness and despair!

You may be certain that we kept silence on these matters. I took upon myself to procure a ship to convey the happy lovers to England. That night, we quitted the island and proceeded to Malta, where Julian and Leonor were wedded. While we remained at Malta, news arrived of the death of the pope, and much we deplored the loss of that true friend who had not only sanctioned Leonor's escape, but checked pursuit after her, suggesting that it was probable she had drowned herself in despair at her baffled love.

It is not necessary to continue the tale. The lovers went to England, where Julian's family, delighted at his recovery and return, were grateful to the fair cause of both. If, in youth, Julian was an Idealist in fancy, he is now a Realist in enjoyment. He lives, a happy man, and such happiness as his extends instead of diminishing.

LAST MOMENTS OF BISHOP WHITE.

The following closing scene is from the pen of Bishop Doane.

From the commencement of the Bishop's illness, though every office was performed with the utmost skill and assiduity and tenderness by the members of his family, it had been conceded to the affectionate interest of the Clergy, that there should be some of them in the house every night. On Tuesday night that pleasure,—and greater pleasure there could scarcely be—was shared by the Bishop of New Jersey, with his brother of Michigan. Though it could not reasonably be doubted that the venerable patient was acquainted with his true condition and its unquestionable result, it was deemed kind and just—with that respectful tenderness, which was not more strongly dictated by the relation of the parties than by the impulses of filial feeling—to seek assurance that it was so, and to afford the opportunity for any communication which might desire to make, and which, ere long, increasing weakness might preclude. Accordingly at a favorite opportunity, during the night, it was said to him, 'I hope, Sir, that you feel no inconvenience from the effort you made in receiving the Holy Communion this afternoon.'—'Not the least,' he replied, 'not the least, but much comforted. It was a great pleasure, Sir, to be permitted once more to receive that blessed sacrament which we have often partaken with you.' 'And a great pleasure to me to have you.'

'We feel, sir, that you are sick, very sick indeed.—We thought, sir, that you might have something that you would wish to communicate, some message from the Church, to which God has spared you so long.—We should be glad to receive any word of counsel from you, and to bear it to our brethren.' 'I can only pray God's protection and blessing, that it may continue to have peace and prosperity after my decease.' 'We trust, sir, that you rely with entire confidence on the promises of that Gospel which you have preached so many years,'—'and,' he interrupted, 'which has hitherto sustained me.' 'And you submit yourself, sir, wholly to God's gracious goodness, with a single and entire reliance for salvation on the merits of his Son, through faith to him!' 'Oh! entirely, entirely; I have no other wish, no other hope!' After a pause, the effort of speaking being very great, though he did not allow that he was fatigued by it, and was evidently consoled and animated by the conversation, 'I should be glad,' he said, 'to express my feelings to you, in some of the Psalms and Hymns, but I cannot.' 'Perhaps you would like to hear some of them read.' 'I should.' 'Will you select one, sir.' 'No, I leave it to you.' 'But you have some favorite, sir, which you prefer.' The 200th Hymn was then named.

'Thou art the way—to thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee,' &c.

which was accordingly read. Having signified his entire assent and approbation of it himself, he said, 'That beautiful hymn of Addison's has been a favorite with all my life.' He was asked if he meant that which begins,

'When all my mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys'

and signifying that it was, the whole of it was read.—He followed it throughout, with the motion of his lips, and when it was done, in reply to the remark, 'How comfortable it must be to you, sir, to realize thus the protecting care of God in life, in death and beyond the grave,' he said, with a warmth of expression not usual with him, 'O! it is charming!' The fear that the feeble strength might be overdrawn here interrupted this delightful conversation, which he was evidently willing to continue. There was no subsequent opportunity afforded; but suffices abundantly to show, that as he lived, so he died, in calm and meek reliance on his Saviour. Early the next morning, he remembered Bishop Kent's beautiful morning hymn; and at his request a part of it was read to him, and prayers were said at his bed side; in which, though very weak, he heartily united.

He continued gradually failing, his nights restless, and his days wearisome, saying scarcely any thing, yet recognizing all his friends, and replying always to their inquiry that he did not suffer, until Saturday, 16th when it became apparent that a great change had taken place, and that 'the solemn crisis of departing life,' to use his own beautiful expression, in the recent Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops, was near at hand.

About two o'clock of that day, when he seemed at the lowest point of physical exhaustion, and his weeping family expected his immediate dissolution, on the approach of the present writer to his bed side, mindful to the last of the courtesy which graced his life, he addressed him with the accustomed inquiry, by name, shortly after which he asked that prayers might be offered. A considerable portion of the order for the visitation of the sick was immediately used with eminent propriety and feeling by the assistant minister of St. Peter's Church, humbly commanding 'the soul of this thy servant, our dear Father, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour.' Although after this service, the saintly sufferer revived a little, and continued, until within an hour or two of his decease, to recognise his brethren and friends, who came about him, there was no distinctive act subsequent to this. His last request, as became a Christian Bishop, was the commendation of his soul to God in the offices of his Church.

In the time and circumstances of his death as in the course of his long life, there was a beautiful propriety. His alarming illness was extensively known. All the periodicals of the Church, and many of the secular newspapers, had expressed concern for its issue. The result was, as in the case of another apostle in the condition of imminent peril, 'prayer was made without ceasing, of the Church unto God for him.' Especially was this the case on the second Lord's day after his sickness commenced, the seventh Sunday after Trinity, and 17th day of July; on which day the various Episcopal congregations, through several of the Dioceses, 'were uniting their voices on behalf of the venerable Patriarch, in the beautiful supplication of the ritual, for a sick person.' Upon this sacred day, whose solemn service, for nearly seventy years had seldom failed to engage his voice in the several offices of the Christian ministry, as the hour of noon approached, when the prayers of faithful thousands had but just gone up to heaven in intercession for him,—the day itself, 'so calm, so cool, so bright, the bridal of the earth and sky,'—in the house which for half a century had been his home in his own chamber, upon his own bed, with all his loved ones of the first and second generation gathered round him, so quietly, that not a murmur caught the quickened sense of love's most practised ear, so gently, that the most attentive eye marked out the moment of its transit, his peaceful spirit took its flight from earth—washed, as we humbly trust, from all defilements, 'in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, which was slain to take away the sins of the world'—to be 'presented pure and without spot' before God. Beautiful instance of the only true, the Christian euthanasia! Beautiful termination of a life, which faith and holiness and charity had made instinct and radiant with beauty! Beautiful illustration of the power of our religion to adorn and bless the longest life, to console, to strengthen, to make conqueror in death! Beautiful copy of a perfect exemplar—may we follow thee as thou hast followed Christ, live near to him, as thou hast lived in the meek piety of life—go to him as thou hast gone, in the calm confidence of thy triumphant death!

Preaching to the Insane.—The deeply interesting experiment of preaching the Gospel to the Insane has been fairly tried in the Lunatic Asylum attached to the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse. The result is detailed in a report recently submitted to the Managers by the Chaplain, from which we make the following extracts:

In general from 40 to 45 patients attend Divine service. Their conduct in the chapel might afford a salutary lesson to many in possession of all their faculties. After attending the morning service, the duties in which they had been engaged [illegible] recreation for the remainder of the day. [illegible] heard in their happier days are remembered [illegible] pared with what they hear [illegible] occasion, in the midst of the service, it is [illegible] man subject to epileptic [illegible] sunk to the ground in [illegible] convulsions. Two of his companions, both [illegible] restless and troublesome, voluntarily went to the assistance of the superintendent, and removed the unhappy man; and when the door was closed, the rest prepared to listen with undisturbed composure. At another time, the boys belonging to the Charity Workhouse, who led the singing, stopped short in the first line of the hymn, when one of the most turbulent of the patients immediately raised the tune, discharging, in the most becoming manner, the duties of Precentor, much to the satisfaction of the congregation. It appeared that the man had, in early life, been a Precentor. Patients who, during the week, never remain in one position, or quiet, for five minutes at a time, when their Bibles are placed in their hands, will join, from morning till evening, in the services of the Sabbath, with a steadiness and reverence which would become the most rational persons. Mr. Johnson, shortly after the introduction of Divine service, having repeatedly been present at worship on the Sunday, in order to ascertain how far it was possible to secure the attention of the insane to a lengthened address, privately desired a very restless patient to write an account of the next sermon. He did so, and, on receiving the paper, the Chaplain was not a little surprised to find that no material part of his discourse had escaped the notice of his watchful auditor. Many other instances are related, equally striking, to show the good effects produced by admitting these unhappy persons to partake of that worship of God, to which they had been accustomed in their better days.

The first American Edition of Don Quixote in Spanish, in two elegant volumes, particularly well printed, has just been issued at Boston, and is for sale by the Booksellers. The work is enriched by copious historical, grammatical and critical notes, by Professor Sales, of Harvard University, which render it useful to the student of the Spanish language, as well as to the general reader. The curious comic scenes with which the adventurers of the forlorn erratic knights abound, are portrayed with great effect in the embelishments, by the cisatlantic cruckshanks D. C. Johnston. The work should command widely extended favor from the admirers of the language of Cervantes. The reputation of the editor is an abundant warrant that it fulfils its special design.—*National Gazette.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

EPITHALAMIUM EPITAPHIUM;

Or an Elegy on two Lovers slain by the same shaft.

Stay—heedless youth!—cast here your eye,
Where Beauty, Youth and Valour lie,
By ruthless Fate cut down!
This valiant youth and sprightly dame
shone in fashion's flashing flame
With splendor and renown.

If she apperred in court or hall,
Assembly, rout, or dancing ball,
With more than magic art
O'er him was drawn each maiden glance,
With head avert—and eye askance,
And palpitating heart!

While matron nods—and dowered dames
Approach with well directed aims
And many a courtly smile;
For daughters those—for partners these—
Proceed with elegance and ease,
To spread the magic Toil.

In *card* for party, ball, or rout
His honored name was ne'er left out
Or more domestic scene—
At parlor fire in *cozy* mood,
Mother and daughter understood
Each happy charm to win.

This maid was once a village belle
Whose matchless charms each swain could tell
With kindling heart and eye,
While *stale admirers*—rich and old,
Approached in all the pomp of gold,
And strive in vain to sigh!

Sweet halcyon days! how *swift* ye pass!
The fatal spoiler comes—alas!
On Cupid's *venomed* darts;—
By Venus sent—in evil hour
To mar the hoyden Dian's power,
And pierced their thoughtless hearts!

Their bodies—to the church conveyed,
The lamps are lit—the service said—
They're laid in bed of State!
Then buried deep from every eye,
In Hymen's tomb *forgotten* lie
Memento of your Fate!!

Search now—at party, rout or ball,
You'll find them there no more at all,
Nor yet at private feast—
Mother and daughter pass them by
Suppressing each regretful sigh
To spread for other guests.

Ye fickle swains—who now with glee
To other maidens bow the knee
And heave the ready sigh—
Come view this darkened gulf profound
And maidens *all*—"come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

Y. Y.

INCIDENTS OF A TRAVELLER.

We never forget the public Houses which have furnished us, or which have not furnished us, with the comforts of life. Hotels receive their characters more from the little *indescribables*, than from the supposed substantials which keep soul and body together. On the Southern route from Boston, we found a strife or rivalship between the friends of temperance and the worshippers at the shrine of Sir Richard. At Worcester—the *Worcester House* by Brigham and the American House, by Porter, are most frequented. Porter has less pretension than his rival, but more quiet and comfort; at the Worcester, the first object presented is the *Bar*, a sight not comely, nor in keeping with the taste of the day. We believe the managers intend well, and that they really believe that they excel all others in point of conduct, but we are impressed with the belief that they have many things to learn from that useful instructer, *experience.*

Hartford is quite a business place, improving fast as to architectural taste, and that most delightful of all music, 'the hum of men' greets every passing ear. The Asylum for the deaf and dum, continues to be a rich blessing to the unfortunate, and a high honor to the section of the country, by which it was founded and is sustained. Hotels respectable—here met travellers from the South, (Columbus Geo.) who had just left the Worcester House and bestowed upon it much censure, and declared their intention to warn the people of the South to beware of the Worcester House.—On our passage to New Haven, we witnessed the breaking of the ground for the Rail track between those two cities—in the course of two years we may calculate to take a quiet breakfast in the city of New York and dine in Boston.—At New Haven, the Hotels are kept in good style; the *Tontine* and *Pavilion* are most fashionable. The commencement Holidays brought a crowd to the Tontine—having left our better half at home—we lost our dinner on the first day, for no other earthly reason but because we deemed it proper to suffer the Ladies and their attendants to be first seated—as we had not been in the habit of being a party to a second table, it was thought advisable to practice a little fraud, a practice a little fraud, a matter not wholly removed from more weighty concerns of life—to do this we *borrowed* a Lady from a friend who had two, and under her wing went seasonably and agreeably to the dinner table—on these pressing occasions, a lady is indispensable to ones success, as is a *Mediterranean pass*, to a vessel going through the Straits of Gibraltar—most of those, who like myself, had come *single handed* to the literary festival, resolved, never to be caught in a selfishness, at once so mean, and so directly calculated to throw us into the shade. We had [illegible] in that [illegible] (of [illegible]) is [illegible] those [illegible] sprightly maple, elms and refresh[illegible] their [illegible] of Mineralogy, and [illegible] Gallery, were visited as a matter of course. We also took a turn in the 'garden of graves.' We saw the tablets of the dust of many, old and young, who had been 'loved and lost.' We saw Monuments resting over the remains of those we once knew; and the names of infant children, once the fond hopes of our yet living friends, engraven on their appropriate tablets. We were disposed to remain sober, and put our thoughts in harmony with the place and occasion; but a friend by our side, after taking a general survey of the ground, with great apparent solemnity, remarked, 'this beautiful spot was the work of James Hillhouse, one of the choice spirits of the old federal school; it has been 'a garden of graves' for about forty years, and if its peaceable tenants could but for a moment be conscious that the only ornamental trees that adorn their graves, are a few miserable, dilapidated, unhallowed poplars, they would leave their abodes, summon a meeting of their number, and *vi et armis*, abate a nuisance which has too long disgraced them.' This strange combination of truths caused us to turn aside and leave the dead and living to settle their differences in their own way.

TRIP TO NEW HAVEN.

On Wednesday last we attended the annual commencement at Yale College; the day was unusually fine, and every thing seemed to conspire to give enchantment to her literary holyday. Travellers from the South or East, are pleased to linger here a while to enjoy the delights of a Paradise of *science* and of *shade*. To those who seek intellectual entertainment and truly elevated pleasures, the occasion of which we speak, was indeed 'a feast of reason and flow of soul.'

The College and its dependencies, are in a state of healthy action although advancing rapidly on the second century of her existence. She betrays no signs of faltering decrepitude, but on the other hand is one of those extraordinary mothers whose tendencies to produce, increase with her weight of years, and the older she grows the more sprightly and vigorous is her offspring. The Graduates of the present year gave rich promise of future eminence; and we venture to predict, that a goodly number of them at no very distant day, will occupy high stations in the Commonwealth of letters. Our feelings would prompt us to make certain individuals the subject of particular commendation, but we forbear to do it, lest the praises upon the few would inflict wounds upon the many. We think justice demands of us to say, that the performances as a whole, were of a high order; and some of them rose quite to our notions of excellence. Some few in every class, like certain trees in a forest, will tower far above the rest, and will cause a lasting impression upon the delighted hearer.—The elocution of the speakers was highly creditable. They seemed to act upon the maxim, that 'sentiments spoken with an ill grace, lose half their power,' and in a good degree avoided that monotony which both distresses and disgusts. We dined in the public Hall—profusion and good taste were the order of the day, pure water was the only beverage on the table; yet all were satisfied. Drunkards will find few associates in the city of New Haven, unless they make a descent into those dark abodes, in which those who delight to wallow in filth are always to be found.

ALUMNUS.

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Editor—The graduates from Yale, of the class of 1803, met at New Haven on the evening of commencement last. Eight only obeyed the summons. All facts in relation to the members, living or dead, were made known. Each present [illegible] family, prosperous or adverse. A distinguished Professor, the particular Tutor of that class, was pleased to indentify himself with their number—notwithstanding a third of a century, a generation had passed since they left their Alma Mater. Scenes of that most interesting period were revived—acts were hallowed afresh which kindred souls delight to rescue from oblivion. They joined in solemn devotion, and parted, (perhaps) for ever.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorise presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in our power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, we resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, Twenty-Five for the second best, and Twenty-Five for the best Poem.

The Manuscripts must be sent ☞ postpaid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful authors, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication.

Boston, June 1, 1836.

To our old Leathern Chair—from the Editor abroad:

The Steamboat.—We are driving along at a rapid rate through the water, with the wind, in sailor phrase, 'dead ahead.' It is very hackneyed,—to pass reflections upon the advancement of the human race in science and the arts—and it is a thread-bare thought—and yet, in certain situations, it is brought so forcibly to the mind that it seems like a new and sterling discovery. So is it with us. Here have we brought visibly before us the daring spirit of that first adventurer who tempted the waters in a floating bark—and the glorious effort of reason which fitted the mariners compass—and last of all, the application of steam which opposes the elements—and forces our gallant vessel onward, unswayed by extraneous influences. Had all these things been stated in their perfection at one and the same time, how would man have been startled at himself,—at his own power. But by the all wise Providence of God, advances to perfection and decay are gradual, and often imperceptible until the mind glances back upon the darkness of the past.

Who shall say I doubt, to the dreamy suggestions of his fellows? It was not long ago that many of our admirable realities were but visions of the brain—sneered at by the would be wise—and perfected only by the mad determinations of their discoverers or inventors.—Who shall say, I doubt? It was but a short time ago that we expressed our views in relation to the propelling of a balloon in any direction through the air—stating that we believed the idea to be opposed to all philosophy, and of course all possibility. And yet a believer has so woven a story to our ear, that we are fain to say, it can be done—and the air can be made to bear men onward, whither they desire. Why should we doubt? So did our fathers gather upon the banks of the Hudson, when the little bulk of Fulton was about to test a grand, an almost incomprehensible experiment. It succeeded—and here are we borne onward against wind and tide in a floating palace. We may not *doubt!*

Portland.—[illegible] apparently [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] commerce. [illegible] one [illegible] prosperous [illegible] Portland [illegible] advantages [illegible] at, there is but one side to prosperity.

It is [illegible] not a thriving [illegible] dependent [illegible] we should think, be increasing in wealth. It has, however, another evil to struggle against. The facilities for travelling by means of the steamboats afford an opportunity to traders to transact their business in Boston—and the loss of time being little, the expense is more than compensated for. Thus Portland has become in a great measure what Providence must be when the Railroad is continued through that city to Stonington—only a kind of half way to some other spot.

Found one of the main streets of the city so rough and full of holes that the coachman shook us to pieces in passing over it. Found too, in our peregrinations, meat for sale in grocery stores, and in carts about the city, and the market the only place where nothing was sold. There should be city ordinances to regulate this matter.

The Cumberland House.—This Hotel is, though the best built in Portland, only a patched up pile of odd pieces, and it will puzzle a visitor to find his way with any certainty from one part to another without good and sufficient land works. There is no beauty to the outside, nor any marks by which it might externally be discovered to be a *crack* Hotel. But it has now a first rate landlord, and comfort reigns within its walls. Mr Appleton, long known as the head of the Elm Hotel, is a security for the satisfaction of all who make his house their head quarters.

The Exchange.—We saw the site of the New Exchange. It is large and in a central position. There is nothing in the business of Portland now, to authorise the erection of such a structure, but we believe that it is to be made a sterling point for an energetic arousing from the lethargic sleep which envelopes the place. As such, may its walls go up in beauty without restraint.

The Portland Rifle Corps.—This military Corps paraded while we were in their city. They manœuvred and marched well—but their dress was that of heavy artillery—being a very dark green, trimmed up with red—and they wore red fountain plumes. This of all things is the most inconsistent and absurd. A Rifle Corps is for sharp shooting and desultory warfare—and we rather suspect that these gaudy colors would be excellent marks for the aim of the enemy. We advise the corps to doff all these improprieties, and adopt a dress of grass green or some neutral trait—and be distinguished by their military knowledge alone.

MIDNIGHT.

Oh lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul
Who deem it solitude to be alone.

Young.

What a frail, powerless creature is man! Our hemisphere is now shrouded in thick darkness, and, at this moment, when Murder delights to stalk abroad—when Danger, who has lurked in caverns and hidden places during the day, steps boldly forth, how many millions, trusting in the integrity of their fellows, and the influence of human laws, have fearlessly consigned themselves to repose. Prone and unprotected, they lie exposed to the dagger of the assassin, or the torch of the incendiary. Where now is the bustle which, a few hours ago put life into the arteries of our city, when they throbbed and beat with the business commotion of a whole community? Their pulses are stilled—and the solitary tread of the staid watchman echoes among the silent walls; while Nature only, unslumbering as her God, continues her ceaseless career.

Our eyes are fixed on the firmament, and we forget that Earth is our dwelling place. The cares, the anxieties, the perplexities of business we have shaken off. They are unto us as a tale that is told—as a feverish dream from which we have awaken. And how trifling do the concerns of this world appear—of how little consequence are the misunderstandings, the heart-burnings, the desires, and the disappointments of this transitory scene! Thousands of peopled Words are careering around us—and our own globe is taking its wide and tremendous circuit, unjostled and regular in its eternal race. Mighty machinery of the Universe! In the stillness of night, when, every thing is hushed around us, we look abroad upon unnumbered worlds, and see God walking among the stars. The traditions of men become like idle vagaries, and Truth lifts her portal high—the eye of man cannot scan her domain. She is too high, too low, too wide for human comprehension, and a thick mist of uncertainty arises from the vast plains of boundless ether. There is a glorious uncertainty connected with our present state of being—fearful, awful, yet sublime and pleasing. There is an unravelled mystery which human creeds cannot circumscribe. Imprinted on the heart is the record of our moral duties, and Revelation points to a land shadowy and dim to mortal vision. Oh! when shall its meridian lustre blaze on the disenthralled spirit? When shall wisdom and light flow in upon the mind like a deluge? When shall pure and immaculate beings bless the eyes of wandering and erring man?

We know not whence we came, we know not whither we go. Beyond the simple facts which Revelation unfolds, all is darkness and doubt—but we do know that this speck of dirt which lives and breathes but for a moment, hath nothing in it to account for the tremendous energies, the far-reaching hopes, and towering and restless ambition of the spirit with which it is so strangely and mysteriously conjoined.

Shocking is that philosophy which teaches that the mighty mind of man shall go down to the dust and perish with the animated clod which enshrines it!

Such teachers deserve not the name of philosophers. They are dead to all that is truly great and sublime in our nature. Their satire, their wit, and their scurrility are when compared with the wisdom of a Fenelon, or a Newton, like the Buffoon tricks of a clown opposed to the grand histrionic delineations of a Kean, or a Mc Cready.

Our Public Schools.—Much has been said of the expense of the institutions, to our city—but we believe that no citizen would abate one cent of their costs—convinced as he must be of their incalculable usefulness to society—but to any one who may murmur at the munificence of Boston in the cause of free education, we would whisper—'Go into our schools—attend their exhibitions—weigh causes and effects, and *then* doubt.'

The Weather.—We understand that the uncommon coldness of our summer finds sympathy abroad. The average temperature of the atmosphere in Europe and other parts of the world is much lower than during seasons past.

☞All articles in the Galaxy, whether from the summary or not, leaded or not leaded—belong this paper, and are of course, *original*; unless credit is given to some other paper. We drop this hint for the information of cotemporaries, as many of our aticles have been copied without credit—under the impression no doubt that they were gleaned from other journals.

☞Let the reader who hears nothing of the glorious revolution [illegible] descriptions of liberty [illegible] years, and take the contrast [illegible]. The following is an extract from [illegible] kept at that time. The orthography [illegible] but the language is genuine.

Head Quarters, Orangetown, Aug. 16th, 1780.

For the day to-morrow, Brigadier Wayne, Orderly serjeant from the left wing, for the Court Martial to-morrow.

Trowsers having been lately drawn for the troops instead of overhauls, the general recommends it to the officers to have them altered immediately into overhauls, which have a much better military appearance.

As it is necessary for the non-commissioned officers to have side arms, and are not provided with sabres the order for delivering in the bayonet belts, so far as it respects them is dispensed with.

The officers [illegible] reminded of the general order of the 21st of January last, [illegible] the old and new officers of the day to attend at Head Quarters at one o'clock.

Left wing order 16th Aug.

For the day to-morrow { Col. Vose, Maj. Knapp,

Brigadier Major Oliver.

Head Quarters, Orange Town Aug. 18th, 1780.

For the day, to-morrow. Brig. Gen. Irvine, Lt. Col Com. Hubby and Smith.

Brigadier Major—Smith,

S S C P
1, 1, 1, & 20 from the Right wing to be paraded on the grand parade, to-morrow morning at Guard mounting, with their arms and two days provisions. They are to repair the roads. W. Shute will give them directions. A Sergeant and ten from the Left Wing, and three masons for fatigue to build ovens.

It affords the Commander in Chief very singular pleasure to receive from the Inspector General so favorable a report of the progress of the new levies in their exercise and manœuvres and of the diligence and indefatigable pains with which the officers are endeavoring to render them more perfect—for their attention to their duty he begs them to accept his thanks.

'Tis expected that the men for daily guards will appear upon the ground and other parades shaved, combed, and powdered, and their clothes as clean as circumstances will permit. Although our situation unhappily does not allow us to make a military appearance, yet in the last respect, it is in the power of the officers to see it carried into execution.

The officer of the day will pay particular attention to this matter, and when any men are found defective (as to the above) report the corps to which they belong.

Head Quarters, Orange Town, Aug. 20th, 1780.

For the day tomorrow:—

Brig. General Nixon,
Lieut. Col. D. Hart
" " Berrett.

To lessen the duty of the Grand Parade, the particular inspection of the men's arms by the Brigade Major of the day will be dispensed with for the present. This is not to prevent a particular inspection on the regimental and brigade parades.

At the General Court Martial, whereof Col. Butler was President, the 25th January last, Jesse Hensley and Michael Bourk, of the 4th Regiment of Light Dragoons were tried for robbing the house of the Widow Sarah Sandford, of sundry valuable articles, and found guilty of a breach of Article 21st—section 13th of the articles of war. Sentenced each of them to receive one hundred lashes on their bare backs.

At the same Court Martial July 26th, John Quail of the of the same regiment was tried for desertion and taking with him a Dragoon horse and accoutrements, also a remarkable horse belonging to Capt. Heard, belonging to the regiment. Found guilty of desertion and taking with him Capt. Heard's horse. Being a breach of Article 1st and section 6th—article 5th, section 18th of the article of War. He is acquitted of taking with him the Dragoon's Horse, and accoutrements. He is sentenced to be picketed 15 minutes and to receive one hundred lashes on his bare back. The commander in chief confirms the sentence and orders it to be carried into execution, at the head of the regiment to which they belong.

Head Quarters, Stanapis, Sept. 12th, 1780.

* * * * * *

Daniel Hall, soldier in Col. Stewad's Battalion of Light Infantry, convicted at a General Court Martial, whereof Col. Courtland is President, of plundering an inhabitant of money and plate, and bring condemned to death, is to be executed at half past 4 this afternoon. Fifty men, from every Brigade in the army, properly officered in the rear of General Peterson's Brigade. It has been much the General's desire to prevent enormities of this kind, which are as repugnant to the principles of the cause in which we are engaged, as oppressive to the inhabitants and subversive of that order and discipline which must characterize every well regulated army.

The General again exhorts officers of every rank to pay the closest attention to the conduct of their men, and to use every precaution to prevent the soldiers from rambling and committing such outrages; the subject of daily complaints and representations to him. It is highly incumbent on them to do this to prevent the consequences which will follow, as he is determined to show no favor to soldiers who are convicted of these pernicious and disgraceful offences.

The East River accident.—The Ferryboat General Jackson, commanded by Capt. Cole, was run down by the steamboat Boston. According to the most authentic accounts the ferry boat was an old, ricketty, rotten concern, which many persons would not venture to cross the river in. Now it so happened that the Boston was the more sea-worthy boat of the two, or she would have gone down instead of the General Jackson. There is an old saying, that 'Folks who live in glass houses should not throw stones;' and such being the case, Capt. Cole should have been very cautious how he encountered the Boston. Much has been said to exonerate the captain of the Boston—but let it be remembered that a man may commit *suicide* as well as *murder*; and as the clown in Hamlet signified, that if the 'water came to the woman and drowned her, the water was to blame; but if the woman went to the water and was drowned, the woman was the cause of her own death.' Now, admitting that the ferryboat persisted in encountering the Boston, we can hardly blame the captain of the latter vessel for not being able to get out of her way. And is it not more reasonable to suppose that the captain of the ferryboat, who hesitated not to endanger the lives of passengers on his ricketty raft, would be reckless of consequences, and would not avoid the Boston, than that the commander of a staunch, well-built and well ordered craft would deliberately run down the ferryboat? The exertions used by Captain Townsend to save the passengers in the ferryboat were sufficient vouchers for his humanity. Every thing that could float was thrown overboard. Much praise is also due to the passengers of the Boston, one of whom threw himself overboard in order to save an elderly man by the name of *Wright*, who was, however, drowned. For the life of us, we cannot perceive how any blame could be attached to the commander of the Boston, or to her crew or passengers. We hope that Capt. Cole will be able to justify *his* conduct as well as the Captain of the Boston—but we fear he will find it difficult to do so. It appears that the Boston—so far as the tide would permit—kept aloof; but the ferryboat was resolved to get into good company, and affected the society of the Boston, until she was knocked under water.

Drunkards think all laws made for suppression of drunkenness, oppressive; because, shame being overcome, they are resolved to die in their own way, and become their own executors.

The Post Office.—We amused ouself on one occasion, by standing at the door of a post office, in an adjacent town, and watching the ingress and egress of the various individuals who call for their little paper boxes of thought. Firstly, an old drover came slowly up to the door and halted his team. He nodded his head to us very good naturedly, and passed into the entry. He immediately inquired at the counter if there were any letters for *his folks*. A fleshy old lady, who was clerk *pro tem*, laid down her knitting, and, after employing some moments in adjusting her spectacles, opened the lid of a large chest, and after fumbling among candle-sticks, dirty linen, and broken pipes, some time, drew out a letter which was so much worn and blotted that the direction was hardly legible. After considerable trouble, and with my assistance, for they gave me a "thou canst read" look which I could not resist, they spelled out the words—Miss Abigail Butts. The drove asked how long the letter had been on hand. He was answered, "about three months."—He said that he knew who it was from; for the writer had been at his house several times since it was forwarded, and had particularly charged his daughter to take out the letter, as it contained important information. As the drover turned to depart, a young man of foppish exterior stalked up to the counter, and demanded in a loud voice if there was anything for Mr Augustus Wolfe. The old lady stared at him a moment, and then answered that there was nothing for him. He was about leaving the premises when a young blue-eyed girl came up and cried—"Mother, look in the tea canister—I put a beautiful red letter in there, and I am sure it was for Mr. Augustus something. But the young spark was already out of hearing, and the *old lady* silenced her daughter by saying. "Well, well, no matter. Let him ax for it in more civil style then. I don't keep open house for such fellows as he." I next saw a slight female form approaching the house. I at once became interested in her. That she had been beautiful I was certain. Nay, she would still have been so, but for a certain dark and sunken appearance about the eyes. She approached slowly until she had reached the steps, when she sprang forward and darted into the entry with eager precipitation. But when she encountered the eyes of the old woman she shrunk a little back, her voice faltered, and as she inquired for a letter her countenance expressed such painful and intense anxiety as made a powerful effect on my feelings.—"There is nothing for you, Harriet," replied the post mistress, with the utmost indifference.

Harriet shuddered, and an expression of heart-rending agony passed over her youthful features. "Another long night and day to wait, before I can come here again"—she muttered as she went out. I thought she would have fallen as she tottered out the door. She turned ere she departed to give another lingering look at the counter, as if hoping a letter might be found, and then with a sigh—tearless and agonizing, departed.

"I don't pity her," said the old woman aloud—"she would keep company with that fellow, while every body said that he would deceive her. She has come here regularly for a letter from him, these six months. The silly young fool. We all know that he has married a rich lady in the city, although nobody will tell her of it. Well, Well, if young girls will believe all the men tell them, they must expect to wear the willow.

I had seen enough of the Post Office, and turned away ,inly mourning over the heartlessness of the world.

Dreams.—We have frequently been asked if we thought there was "any thing in dreams." We do not believe that it is necessary for any person to be troubled on account of his dreams—as the interpreters of them appear to be much at variance with each other. We have occasionally had a dream which has been fulfilled to the letter; while, on other occasions, our sleeping fancy has led us a wild *goose chase into* realms of Fairy imagination, which could be compared to nothing that we have seen on earth. We believe that *dreaming*, like every thing else may be improved. An individual who takes much notice of dreams, and thinks of them while waking, will be very likely to dream again. Some poets are truly inspired, for they dream out a long piece while sleeping which they would never have thought of while awake. Of this description is ou neighbor Pray of the Pearl. The muse takes mighty fancy to him while asleep, as whilom the Italian ladies did to the young Milton. He has been known to start from the sofa, where he has been soundly slumbering for an hour, and scratch down a number of stanzas, faultless in versification and excellent in sentiment. Some individuals have a perfect command over their sleeping hours, and when they are afflicted by a bad dream, arouse themselves from their slumber. Others, while perfectly sensible that they are asleep and dreaming, will remain torpid from choice, until their dream is fully developed. But there is something dangerous in this indulgence; as we have known some, who by giving way to their *dreaming propensities*, have so connected reality with imagination, that they have been unable to separate them in their waking hours; and and have resented insults when awake that they have imagined themselves to have received when asleep. We believe the best policy is to dream as little as possible.

Self Preservation.—Volney founds all our moral duties upon self-preservation: or, in other words, he makes selfishness the rule of action. Would you be benevolent, you are encouraged by the reflection that 'one good turn deserves another,' and by doing a good action to your neighbor, you may reasonably expect that when opportunity offers, he *will do a good turn for you*. Now, all this is mighty fine; especially as gratitude is so common a virtue in this world, that any man may safely risk one hundred dollars in such stock. The rich man who possesses his millions, and who, in all probability, will never know want, must be very unwise to assist a poor and ignorant family who can never repay the favor. It is something, however, for such an one to establish a character for benevolence. And how much every sensible man would respect the generous donor, when it was known that he had no motive for bestowing charity, but that of gaining the applause of the world!

Cold-blooded sophist! Heaven has implanted in every honorable bosom, principles which depend not on outward advantages for their reward. The testimony of an approving conscience—the gratification of generous feeling is itself a sufficient reward for the truly virtuous—and that reward is the consequence of good actions. It is the manna upon which angels feed; and is a fore-taste of the joys of Heaven, where Peace and Love are perfected and selfishness is unknown.

☞The following needs not much remark. The business of Post Master must be very profitable at New Orleans. The *perquisites* are somewhat extraordinary.

New Orleans, Aug. 4th, 1836.

Dear Sir—In your paper of the 9th inst. I could not but remark, a paragraph noticing the conduct of Postmasters relative to the distribution of papers received by them, it is rarely the case that we receive your papers here, although I believe they are regularly mailed by you, and arrive at the Post-office here; but they are either too busy distributing letters to think of papers, or they are too lazy to attend to it. On an average, we think we are doing well if we receive 5 in every 20 papers due.

I would also remark, that for $1,00 per hundred, any one can procure papers of the latest dates from the North, South, East or West, *from the Post Office here.*—does this not show plainly what good management has effected in our Post Office.

However, if this state of things continue much longer, your interesting paper, as well as many others, cannot receive patronage from the South.

Your Friend, V. J. A.

To Henry F. Harrington, Esq.
Editor New England Galaxy,
Boston.

LITERARY NOTICES

AMERICAN LADIES MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST—is received. The first article by the Editor, entitled Peace and War is well written. The views which she takes of the subject are enlarged and liberal; but we fear the question is not yet decided—what is *defensive*, and what is *offensive* war? Opinions on this subject will vary, according to the interests and honesty of nations. We quote the following from this article, which contains all that we desire to suggest. "I am convinced that permanent peace will never be established, throughout the world, till other sins, besides those of war, are exposed and corrected. Lust, pride, envy, jealousy, avarice, intemperance,—these are the bitter root of dissensions."

MAXIMS ON MARRIAGE, is a very judicious selection from Richardson.

VALLEY OF THE MOHAWK.—A pretty and simple strain from the pen of L. H. S.

ELLEN GRAHAM, a story of past times.

SENTIMENTS.—Very superior ones.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ———. *By request.*—The versification is not good; and the sentiments are ordinary.

THE MECHANICS WIFE.—A plane, homespun tale, containing a moral.

THE VARIETIES OF INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.—This is an interesting paper. We should like to see the subject enlarged upon. We cannot avoid quoting the following—"That the mental differences, which it will not be disputed are perceivable in these races, are, in part to be ascribed to nature, seems evident from many considerations. We may argue from analogy, that as the bodily frame and personal appearances of these races differ, so it is equally probable that the mental contribution differ also."

FAME.—A piece of poetry.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE—from the Asiatic Journal.

GLIMPSES OF SPANISH MANNERS.—A Letter.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—This is an intensely interesting paper, and we hope to see it extensively copied. Every American will be pleased to peruse it. It is from the National Portrait Gallery.

LITERARY NOTICES.—Comstock's Physiology—Philothea—Memoirs of an American Lady.

On the counter of Messrs. Otis, Broaders & Co. may be found the June number of Blackwood. We can only afford a passing notice of our numerous periodicals as we receive them, without being unjust to some of them, or tiresome to some of our readers. We can sum up all our opinion of Blackwood in one sentence. It is the best of English periodicals—is edited by Wilson—is afforded by Mr Theodore Foster for almost nothing—is an honor to a Library and contains a fund of instruction and amusement.

The Southern Literary Messenger for July is before us—racy—spirited—instructive—interesting. Its matter for the most part of a high order, and embracing such variety, and its editorial notices of new works excellent, without a single exception. We hope for the credit of the South, that it receives the best of encouragement—and we desire for the Editor, continued health and strength, that he may not be obliged to relax his labors which in time must have a powerful influence.

A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF ITALY,—Translated from the original Italian by NATHANIEL GREENE. Harper & Brothers. Family Library.

This is a publication edited by our Postmaster. We did not know that Mr. Greene ever amused himself in the way of authorship, although he is confessed on all hands to be a man of *letters*. We anticipate much satisfaction in reading it, and if Mr. Greene is as capable an author as he is a postmaster, our notice cannot be otherwise than favorable.

EVERETT'S ORATIONS—Boston—American Stationers' Company.

Capital! Capital! as noble a collection of eloquent, logical, soul-thrilling speeches as was ever bound between two covers. We do not intend to lavish fulsome eloquence upon the work before us. Each oration in its day has received its meed of praise—and each stands the test of time. Can we say more? No! and we do not shame the shades of Demosthenes and Tully, when we say that the Greek and Latin Classics present no finer specimens of literary taste and power, as are offered in this volume.

We cannot but say a word here in favor of the 'Company' by whom this work has been issued. They propose to republish school books of the highest merit, and standard works of magnitude; and from the known ability and standing of the gentlemen concerned, we doubt not that the Company will find their labors amply rewarded by the best wishes and *golden* opinions of the community; at least we ardently *hope* so.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

ACCIDENT. As Rev. Mr. Lambson, Unitarian minister in Berlin, was riding through Boylston on the night of the 9th inst. in company with his wife, the horse stumbled and fell to the ground so suddenly as to precipitate them both from the chaise. Mr. Lambson's arm was broken above the elbow, and his wife procured assistance at the house of Matthew Davenport, Esq. The family of Mr. D. hastened to the spot with alacrity and rendered every assistance in their power—but Mr. Lambson refused to make any stop. Gathering up the reins in his remaining hand with the utmost coolness and even cheerfulness, he set out again upon his journey.

PURE WATER TRIUMPHANT.—The whole number of votes on the pure water question was 2,242. Yeas 2,107—Nays 136. The vote on the affirmative was overwhelming; and we trust the time is not far distant when the result will be made manifest in streams of gladness.

Two children came near being killed in New York lately, through the negligence of an apothecary who sent their mother oxalic acid which she administered to them instead of salts. Instances of this kind have been rather too frequent of late; and the practice of employing boys and green country gawkies in apothecary shops cannot be too highly condemned.

We called upon the Advocate on Saturday for the name of the owner of the beautiful horse killed last week by over driving, but he has dodged to question. We have been *told* that the name of the person is COBB, further we know not. It has been suggested that he is liable to indictment; if it is so, he will be, provided the Grand Jury do their duty, which they have *sworn* to perform. '*Diligently to inquire*,' &c. are the words of their oath.

A young lady was run over by a waggon and killed near Baltimore, while on her way to the camp meeting. Her skull was crushed.

MURDER. Hiram Norto, residing in Forsyth County, on the Chattahoochee river, heretofore considered a man of unimpeachable character, without any apparent cause, killed his wife on the 30th ult. by striking his wife on the head with an axe. Religious fanaticism is supposed to have unsettled his intellects and driven him to the commission of the melancholy act.

MORALITY OF NEW ORLEANS.—The number of murders in New Orleans, for the last year, from assassination and other causes, is *one hundred and thirty*, not one third of which have been made known through the public prints.

FIRE IN ROXBURY. On Tuesday evening, during the fire in Roxbury, two out of three engines, were being painted (No. 1 and 2) and were consequently *hors du combat*. Great praise is due to No. 6, for their promptness and untiring exertions.

The Charleston Mercury of August 10th says—

Major Williams was killed on Monday morning last, by a body of 200 Indians, at St. Arthur's Bridge, while on his way from Black Creek to Newnansville. His son-in-law, who was with him at the time, made his escape and returned. Major W. is said to be the individual who struck the blow with the Seminoles, having killed one of them in an affray, in a dispute about cattle. The desire to kill him was so great that they allowed his son-in-law to escape.

We received last night by our Express, New Orleans papers to the 10th instant, and Washington and Baltimore papers of yesterday morning.—*Jour. Com.*

It appears by letters received at New Orleans from the American Consul at Matamoras that that port has been opened to vessels of every nation for the introduction of provisions, by paying an ad valorem duty of 40 per cent.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.—We learn from the Captain of the schooner Halcyon, from Matamoras, that every thing was quiet at that place, at the time of his departure, the 1st inst. About 3000 troops were there, 1500 of whom were well disciplined. They were waiting for recruits. The money for paying them off was daily expected. As soon as this was done, and the reinforcements had arrived, it was expected they would commence operations. The army was healthy. The Texan vessels of war Brutus and Union had appeared off the bar, but had again left. A short time after their departure, two Mexican vessels came into port.

John Quincy Adams' speech in Congress in regard to the affairs of Mexico and Texas was highly extolled in Matamoras. It had been translated and published in Spanish, and had gained for him the appellation of the Demosthenes of America.

The only thing contained in the Matamoras papers are the reasons assigned by Filasola for obeying the orders of Santa Anna, in withdrawing the troops, &c.

The Halcyon brings $105,000 in specie, which we think goes to show that the commercial relations between the two countries will not be interrupted, as many have imagined, by the detention of Santa Anna.

FIRE.—A fire broke out on Tuesday evening, at half past 9 o'clock, in a large double wooden building, situated on a branch of the Mill Dam leading to Roxbury. One part was occupied by Mr Moses Day, and was used as a warehouse for hemp and other materials used in his rope walk connected with the building—and the other was occupied by Mr F. W. P. Emery, and was used for storing wool. The building was entirely destroyed, with all its valuable contents, including two steam engines and other valuable machinery. The loss is estimated at about $10,000—the greater part of which falls upon Mr Emery, who, we learn, was not insured.—*Mer. Jour.*

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—London and Liverpool papers to the 25th and 26th ult., both inclusive, have been received at New York, by the packet ship George Washington.

The Paris Moniteur of the 21st announces the landing of 2500 troops, from the Turkish squadron, on the Plains of Meschia, near Tripoli.

By a decree of the shah of Persia, the commerce of Britain is placed on the same footing with that of Russia.

A census of the prisoners in the central prisons and houses of correction in France lately made up, shows that on the 1st of January there were 12,440 men, and 3,698 women, including 158 political prisoners, and 97 under 16 years of age.

Cardinal Cheverus, archbishop of Bordeaux, has had a severe paralytic shock, from which it is considered doubtful whether he will recover.

GALLANTRY.—The Post says that a gentleman in the Worcester cars complained that a *lady* had got his seat.—This fellow must be a believer in the equality of the sexes. He doubtless thinks that women are capable of fighting their own way, without masculine protection. We recommend him to the prayers of Parson Brownson of the Reformer.

The Portland Times says that many of its patrons have *complained* of the cheapness of their sheet. It is a complaint for which it is certainly very difficult to propose a remedy.

ACCIDENT.—A man by the name of David Harp was gored to death by a refractory steer, in Frederick (Md) on the 16th inst.

Mr. Maywood, Manager of the Chesnut street Theatre in Philadelphia, has returned from Europe, and is now in Philadelphia, having brought with him several additions to his present company.

☞ The Rochester Republican states that the wife of B. Rathbun, a very worthy woman, is now in a state of mental alienation, produced by the disclosure of her husband's villany.

GOOD BREEDING.—At a wedding which lately took place in the country, some alarm was occasioned to the guests by sundry mop-heads and large glaring eyes discovered at the windows, the cracks of the doors, and other apertures. Order and peace was at length restored by the old lady of the house who said it was nobody but the children, whom she had forbidden to enter the room, but she had given them license to 'peake in.'

The Albany Daily Advertiser says that several boats are now 'lying in the hospital' for repairs. Does he mean that they are lying in the hospital, or that they are in the lying-in hospital?

Mr Rigdon, the Mormon preacher, and his associates have left Salem, but intend to return in the spring.

JIM CROW. Mr. Rice, the celebrated Jim Crow, is announced in the London Morning Herald of July 7, to appear in a new opera written by himself.

TOBACCO.—The Mayor of Lowell is a great enemy to tobacco.

OUR RAIL ROADS. We understand that both the Worcester and Lowell Rail Road Companies are making arrangements for two tracks on their respective roads; and hope the information is correct. These two roads are both satisfactorily managed. But the Providence road seems to be a subject for general complaint. No attention seems to be paid to passengers, any further than will barely suffice to cause them to pay their two dollars for a seat—one quarter of which sum is extortion. They have bought up all the Sound Steamboats to prevent competition, and have their own way in everything—appointing all manner of men for Engineers and smashing their Engines and Cars together as often as suits their convenience. The whole secret of the matter is, that the President and a majority of the directors are of *New York*, and they care for nothing but the dollars—having of course, no sympathy with our citizens.

When that glorious enterprise, the Western Rail Road, shall be completed, the whole of the travel of the interior of New York, now of necessity passing through the City of New York, will be transferred to that Road—and it will be preferred by those journeying for pleasure. People will not for the sake of seeing New York, run the risk of broken limbs, or the loss of life from the carelessness of Engineers and car masters, who are perhaps, instructed to avoid injuring any one if they can help it. The fear of sea sickness will also operate to divert the travel from the Providence to the Worcester Rail Road.

We hope, taking into consideration the great amount of travel on the Providence Road, and also the little estimate which the managers of this Road seem to place upon the safety of their passengers, that our Legislature will see the serious necessity of making enactments which will *compel* the corporation to make a second track. They now charge an exorbitant price for passage, and in our view this should be a small inducement to make every exertion to promote the comfort of travellers—which does not seem to be the case.

LINE OF STAGES FROM BOSTON TO SARATOGA.—This line of stages affords an excellent opportunity for those to visit the springs, who have leisure and money to spare. The drivers are accommodating and experienced, and every thing connected with the concern is got up in the best style. The stage starts from No. 11 (Wilde's) Elm street.

The U. S. brig of war Porpoise, Lt. Comdt. Ramsay, sailed about noon yesterday, with commissioners for the location of a Naval Depot in Florida.

MAJOR GATES. It will be seen by the following from the Washington Globe, that the President has at length concluded to order a Court Martial, to investigate the charges against this officer.

'We understand that the President has, at the request of Major Gates, ordered a Court Martial to re-examine and pronounce on the circumstances of the affair at Fort Barnwell. A material fact, which has made a strong impression against Major Gates, although not relied on by the court of inquiry, is rendered more than doubtful by an examination of a written testimony. The groaning which was supposed to proceed from the men who were shot outside the fort, and which excited a strong disposition for a sortie, there is much likelihood was a stratagem of the Indians to draw out a portion of the garrison. We are assured, also, that Major Gates went out alone, and approached within sixty yards of men, and saw that they were scalped, and to all appearance dead.'

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The Barnstable Journal says that a child six years old, who was in the habit of playing about the house, situated in the woods at West Harwich, was heard to utter some distressing wailings and cries, which gradually ceased until they became almost extinct. On going to the child it was found that a black snake, two and a half feet in length, had wound itself round the child's neck, and nearly suffocated it. In removing the snake, it was found so closely entwined that the skin was also removed. The child, however, recovered.

UNFORTUNATE EVENT.—On Thursday afternoon, two young men, named Bowers and Burke, went out on a sailing and fishing excursion, and while out a friendly scuffle took place between them, when Burke, having in his hand an open knife, it unfortunately entered the fleshy part of Bowers' thigh, who shortly after bled to death. As soon as the boat came to the city, Burke was arrested, who stated that he intended merely to induce Bowers to take his hand off his throat by gently pricking him with the point of his knife, but it, contrary to his intention, entered the thigh of Bowers, and wounded him, as above related.—*Patriot.*

Capt. Horace Jenks, of the ship Rome, has been obliged to pay $300 for false imprisonment and wages, and in addition to that sum, the value of an adventure of which he deprived Henry Fawcett, his mate, on a voyage to India. It appears the captain on the passage had disrated him, and ordered him to duty forward, which he refused. The captain then built a pen on deck, in which he confined him. He for a long time protested against his confinement and usage, and growing desperate broke out of his prison, and arming himself with a knife, determinedly fought against the officers who again attempted to place him in confinement, in his fury wounding the captain, second mate, the captain's brother, and a passenger. Fawcett then left the vessel. The captain sent home affidavits of the assault, on which Fawcett was indicted; when he commenced an action against Captain Jenks, and the District Attorney threw up the criminal prosecution.—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

FRAUD BY A CONSTABLE. We learn from the Post that when Archer the pick pocket was arrested by Constable John Reed he had among his personal effects about $100, in cash, and a diamond ring and a diamond breast pin. Reed took this property into his custody, and charged about $6 for storage. Archer paid his counsel, Messrs. Phillips & Bigelow, cash for their professional services, and they on their part agreed that the diamond ring and breast-pin should be left in the custody of the Warden of the State Prison, to be delivered to him when the period of his exit from prison should arrive.

They accordingly called upon Reed for the property.—He returned the ring in good condition, but, in lieu of the breast-pin, he returned a miserable paste work substitute, not worth fifty cents. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that Reed had sold the diamond pin at Gooding's jewelry store in Washington street. Under these circumstances, Mr. Phillips felt bound to commence a prosecution for the larceny, and Reed has been held to answer at the Municipal Court.

The Natchez Gazette of the 2d inst. states that the great excitement prevailed the day previous throughout that city on the subject of the recent order of the Treasury Department to the Land Offices, to receive nothing but Silver and Gold.

The ship Macon, hence for Savannah, which had been ashore near Nagg's Head, N. C., was spoken on the 19th by a pilot boat, off Dewees, S. C. Of course, it may be inferred that she had received but little damage.—*Jour. Com.*

FROM FLORIDA.—The Georgia papers contain an account of an attack on the Indians, by a battalion of volunteers under Major Alford. Their camp was gallantly stormed, the enemy routed, and a considerable number killed and wounded—with comparatively little loss on the part of the volunteers. The Indians were about 100 strong.

LATE FROM THE SOUTH.—By the steamboat William Gibbons, we have Charleston papers to Saturday evening last. The following are extracts.—*Jour. Com.*

The Cotton Crop, says the Greenville Mountaineer of the 13th inst., throughout the middle and upper Districts of this State, so far as we can learn, bids fair to produce a full average supply. It has no doubt suffered considerably from the heavy rains which have fallen, but the late hot weather has very much improved the appearance of that important plant.

Extract of a letter, dated
COLUMBUS, (Miss.) July 29.

'Since I left Mobile I have had an opportunity of witnessing the prospect of the growing cotton crops, and I assure you, from my observation and all the information I have been able to obtain from the most experienced planters, the crop is a short one. I should say at least one-fourth. I have been pretty much through Monroe, Wilcox, Dallas, Lownds, Montgomery, Autuga, and Green counties in Alabama, and these counties, you know, comprise the largest portion of our cotton growing region, and I feel confident, that let the season now be ever so favorable, they cannot make over two-thirds of a crop.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 19th.—*Another new Steamboat.*—It was with pleasure that we witnessed the arrival at our wharves on the 16th inst. of another new steamboat, called the Elbert, built during the past season, for the Savannah and Augusta Steam Boat Company.

A mermaid was caught off Cape Cod, on Saturday night. She had came to the surface in order to get a peep at the sea-serpent.

LITERARY. Five hundred and forty-seven thousand of volumes of books were printed in the United States last year, exclusive of repeated editions and pamphlets.

The citizens of Richmond are talking seriously of erecting an exchange.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM. Much is said among us at the present time respecting animal magnetism—and a Mons. Poyen from Paris has been lecturing at Bangor on the subject, and according to accounts has actually succeeded in putting a person into a magnetic sleep. As many of our readers may have seen articles of the kind going the rounds, without understanding in what the operation consists, we will attempt a simple outline. It is believed that there is a systematic fluid in the human system by which influence may be conveyed from one body to the other. The operator places the subject before him in an easy position, and then conjuring up a strong *will* to put him or her to sleep, passes his hands very near the face and breast [illegible] directions for a length of time. If the operator be successful, the subject will fall into a dead sleep from which the operator alone can awake him. If any one be put to sleep in [illegible] restored, and the disease will begin to heal. Any sickness will pass away, and leave the patient in good health.

This is animal magnetism—and we advise all who are disposed to *try it*, not on the ground of our recommendation—however, for we dont believe in it, any more than we believe that witches caracole through the air mounted on broomsticks. But as has often been said there is no hurt in trying.

We have made this slight *sketch* of animal magnetism that our readers may be a little conversant with a subject upon which so much is now being said. Philosophy is opposed to any such connexion of bodies—but so many wonders take place now adays, that Mons. Poyen may not be a mere talker, and people may be put to sleep by animal magnetism.

WILLIAM CARVER. We see in an exchange paper, an extract from the writings of the above personage. Whether he is still living or not, we cannot tell; but some 8 or 10 years ago he was hard upon his eightieth year. He was an excentric genius, and during the life of the celebrated Thomas Paine, he was the boon companion of the Theologian.—Paine resided for some time in Carver's house, and many are the anecdotes which we have heard from the lips of Carver respecting the Deist. He and Paine had a misunderstanding, towards the latter part of the former's life, and Carver furnished Cheetham with many of the particulars inserted in his Life of Paine. Carver, however was a staunch Infidel when we last saw him and used to say 'Well, well, I shall never recant.' Carver was a strictly temperate and moral man.

Two gentlemen who lodged at the Lamb Tavern on Wednesday night, found upon awakening in the morning, that some person had very unceremoniously decamped with their pocket books, leaving them minus a considerable amount of money.

David Patch committed suicide in Knox, (Me.) by hanging himself in his barn. He was less patriotic than his namesake *Sam*, who committed suicide *pro bono publico*.

We have received 'The Cold Water Man,' a small paper published in Natchez. *Hot* water men would be more acceptable to us shiverers of the North.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—The Rushton Observer relates a story of a young lady who was cured in that town by a 'Jew Quack.' Truly, if quackery will do this little thing, it is preferable to 'regular practice.'

GIPSEY HATS.—Some of our cotemporaries are finding much fault with gipsey hats—for what reason we cannot discover. We wish that editors would

'Leave the girls alone,
And let them quiet be.'

BALTIMORE TRANSCRIPT GONE DOWN!—One of the carriers of the above paper fell into the dock the other day with a bundle of papers under his arm. The man was saved, but his papers, becoming saturated with water, sank, alas! to rise no more!

SIN IS HEAVY.—Four lads in New York were brought to the Police Court for stealing 15 pounds of lead. In consideration that the crime must, of course, weigh heavily on their consciences, the lads were discharged, after a severe admonition from the Judge.

LAD SAVED.—The Star says that a boy was saved from drowning by 'the man' who attends to the Staten Island steamboat facts. Had this man cut the boy's throat, or cloven the skull of a prostitute with a hatchet, his name would have been mentioned; but Noah knows full well, *by hearsay*, that 'virtue is its own reward.'

'Spread it then!'—*Cowper.*

A man in New York has been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD.—We understand from various sources that on Monday last, between the hours of 8 and 3, there fell a quantity of rain in Dickson county, unequalled probably in the history of the country. Such was the force of the torrents descending from the hills, that stock of all kinds, fences, dwelling houses, iron works, and indeed every thing within the range of the flood, was swept away. We have heard of two families on Yellow Creek that perished, with the exception of a negro, who saved himself by ascending a tree. It is said that nearly every furnace and forge in the county are entirely destroyed or materially injured. The vallies are described as having been literally filled with the rushing torrent. We have not been able to obtain any information of the extent of country devastated; but that it must be extensive is evidenced by the fact that the Cumberland River below that section of country was said to have risen twenty-five feet in two hours.—*Nashville Republican* Aug. 13.

LATE FROM TEXAS. A slip from the Natchez Free Trader of the 6th inst. contains the following letter from Wm. Parker, Esq. of that place, just arrived from Texas. It confirms the intelligence previously received, of the arrival of General Gaines of the U. States troops at Nacogdoches.

Natchez, Aug. 6th.

Dear Sir:—I left Nacogdoches on Sunday morning the 23d ult. Previous to my leaving there, four companies of United States troops, dragoons, from Fort Towson, had arrived; six companies of infantry would be in Nacogdoches the next day, making in all ten companies.

General Gaines thinks with this force he will be able to keep the Indians quiet; I think it doubtful, and should not be surprised if the Sabine should be the seat of the Indian war.

Many rumors are afloat as regards the Indians' intentions. One thing is certain—Bowles, the Cherokee Chief, is determined to obey the commands of the Mexicans. He says he is a Colonel in the Mexican army, and will obey their orders. Speaking of the United States sending troops across the Sabine, he says that General Gaines dare not cross the Sabine; that he, Bowles, knows the treaty as well as Gen. Gaines does.

The day previous to my leaving, four companies left Nacogdoches for the Texan army; two of horse from Red River, and two of infantry from Kentucky—judging from their appearance I think they intend to play the game out—they were all well armed and equipped. Two gentlemen came in from the army previous to my leaving, bringing the news that Com. Gen. Lamar had sent two companies for Santa Anna, to bring him to head quarters, as they say, to try him for his life. The general opinion is, however, that it is to keep him safe. General Houston has written to the Commanding General, protesting against this proceeding, and states that as a reason that they had entered into a treaty with Santa Anna; that this treaty has been sent to the city of Mexico; that Commissioners had also been sent to the United States, neither of which has as yet been heard from; and that he thinks, in justice to Santa Anna, they should wait their decision.

Previous to these gentlemen leaving, there appeared to be some misunderstanding as to the intention of the colonists in appointing Lamar, not knowing their views, whether he was to be commander in chief, or *pro tem.* In order to put the question at rest they took the vote, when there appeared for General Houston 1900, and for Lamar, 300.

I have seen many from the army, friends of Houston, as well as enemies, and they all agree that no man can get the command from Houston, and that it was never the intention of President Burnet that any man should supersede him.

The Texian army is at Victoria, and the Mexican in the neighborhood of Matamoras, 300 miles distant. I spent some time with Gen. Houston—his wound is healing fast, and the doctor says he is in better health than he has been for two years past. He was in fine spirits and told me that he would start for head-quarters, in the course of three weeks.

Slept at Gen. Gaines's camp a few hours. The old gentleman said he expected volunteers from Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama.

IMPROVEMENT IN SPECULATION.—Steal property from a thief—sell it—and if the law requires an account to be given of it, substitute a worthless resemblance, and if the fraud is not detected, something may be made. Constable No. 1.

A witty tippler being asked by a temperance man why he would be so unwise as to advocate drinking liquor by the glass, replied, 'like the illustrious Cooke, I have laid aside drinking in a *great measure*.'

ROBBERY.—A man named Acorn was knocked down by two ruffians on Saturday evening, in Augusta, and robbed of his watch and $26 in money. These fellows were *whole swine*, or they would never have meddled with an *Acorn*.

Pop Emmons has published a likeness of Col. Johnson.—Why not group the Col.'s whole family in a picture? There would be such a blending of *lights* and *shades*, it would be quite expressive.

STABBING IN NEW YORK.—A man by the name of Wilkes attempted the life of John Ames in Catharine street. The knife struck the hip bone of the latter, which saved his life. He was taken to the hospital—his wound was dressed, and he walked away. The assassin made his escape.

There has been seen recently in Washington street a young man whose pantaloon straps were so tight that he could not put his feet to the ground. It put us in mind of a remarkable little dog, whose tail curled so tight that it lifted him off his hind legs.

A scoundrel in Charlestown, on Thursday, set a large dog on a little colored boy. The lad was severely bitten on the leg. Is it not bad enough that these animals are suffered to run at large, that their owners must incite them to attack peaceable wayfarers? The dog should have been instantly killed, and his master sent to the House of Correction.

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 11th inst. contains the following:

'Schooner Fanny Butler reports that brig Good Hope and schooner Urchin, sailed from Galveston for Coxe's Point [illegible] for this port 3d inst. with about 100 disappointed office-seekers in Texas. Santa Anna and suite still remained at Columbia, on the 1st of August—nothing new from the army. [illegible]

[illegible] by the sinking of the ferry boat, was found on Tuesday afternoon. An inquest was held on his remains, at which several persons who were on board the boat, gave it as their opinion that the whole of the blame rested on the Boston, while others testified to the reverse. The Captain of the ferry boat states that the wheels of the Boston made a revolution after she struck the boat. The Coroner's jury, however, under all the circumstances, brought in a verdict that the casualty was wholly accidental.

Capt. Cole, of the ferry boat, states that fourteen persons who were on board were rescued; namely, himself, Mrs. Wright, wife of deceased, John Mills, a boy living in Central street in this city, Oliver Powell, Jacob Jackson, Mark Alexander, and Wm. Bonny, milkman, residing at the Wallabout, Harris Hicks, three men, names unknown, in the employ of Mr. Underhill, three of the hands belonging to the Jackson, and a chimney sweep.

A charge has been made against Capt. Townsend, master, and Capt. Manchester, pilot, of the steamboat Boston, of negligently and wilfully running down the ferry boat.—They underwent an examination yesterday, and brought several persons to prove that they did every thing in their power to prevent the vessels striking, and used every exertion afterwards to save the lives of the persons struggling in the water. They gave bail for their appearance to answer the charge.—*N. Y. Times.*

SHIPWRECK. The Portland Courier reports the arrival there of the schooner Roland and John, from Prospect, bound to Boston. The Captain informs he fell in with the wreck of a schooner, on the 22d inst, about 80 miles from Cape Elizabeth. He boarded the wreck, but could not learn the name. The stern boat had partly broken away, but was still hanging to the wreck. They judged from a lady's handkerchief picked up on the wreck that a female passenger had been on board. The bows of the schooner were badly stove, from which they supposed another vessel had run into her. Nothing was discovered indicating the fate of the crew, though it is probable they had been taken off by the vessel which caused the damage.—*Transcript.*

APPALLING. We learn from the Gazette that a valuable hand belonging to Mr. Amon Bosley, of Baltimore county, came to his death in a most afflicting manner. It appears that the man was engaged coating the lime kiln, that is, taking the upper stratum of lime stone from the top of the kiln, when the whole sunk in and buried him to the burning mass up to his shoulders. He suffered in this agonising situation upwards of an hour, and spoke to those endeavoring to rescue him with calmness, and urged them to make speedy exertions for his release. But their efforts were unavailing, and by the time they succeeded in digging him from the burning stones, nearly the whole of the lower part of his body was consumed.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

HEALTH OF THE CITY. The bill of mortality for the past week exhibits a heavy increase over those of numerous previous weeks, and presents an aggregate of 227.—Notwithstanding this great increase, the number is from 30 to 50 less than the usual averge of the season last year. The general health of the city may therefore be properly pronounced uncommonly sound.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NAVAL.—The United States squadron was daily expected at Palermo about the 4th of July, from Naples.

The U. S. brig of war Porpoise, which anchored near Long Island Head on Wednesday night, got underweigh on Thursday forenoon, and proceeded to sea with a fine southwest breeze.

LAUGHABLE ACCIDENT.—A ludicrous *typographical* error occurred a short time since in a printing office where two papers are published, one orthodox and the other unitarian. A column of polemical matter intended for the first, was inserted in the other, and its place supplied by an equal quantity of equally disputatious matter intended for its opposite neighbor. The error was not discovered until the papers were all put in circulation. This was as rare a specimen of *liberality* as religious newspapers ever displayed towards each other.—*Trans.*

NEUTRALITY WITH A VENGEANCE.—The Newark Daily Advertiser commences a long article with these singular words—'The Boston Transcript, which is not a political paper, corroborates,' &c. The Transcript must certainly be one of those *neutral Whig papers* about which such a fuss has been made by the administration journals lately.—Mr Transcript, you have brought a disgrace upon your Lilliputian brethren. We will not father your sins, until you become a *father* yourself—a *lapsus lingua:* we mean, until you become a *husband*.

GLASS EYES.—A pedlar stopped in a country town lately and wheedled several lasses, of the cyclop breed, out of their money by warranting his glass eyes *very good to see with*. The Traveller will probably advertise the article.

MARRIAGES.

By Rev Mr Dunn, Uriah Higgins to Laura Harris.

In this city, Edwin Knight to Catharine Peterson, both of Boston.

By the Rev Mr Blanc, W. H. Saunders to Margaret B. Jackson, both of this city.

By Rev Mr Streeter, George W. Franklin, of Mendon, to Samantha Carey, of [illegible], R I; Enoch W. Colby to Mary Ann Bailey.

At Charlestown, Samuel P. Thompson to Elizabeth B., daughter of the late John Johnson Esq.

At Cambridgeport, Benj Nichols Jr, of Haverhill, to Mary Smith, of Sharon.

At Cambridgeport, Daniel Sanborn, of Charlestown, to Mary S. Philbrook, of Boston.

At Haverhill, J. B. Dinsmore, of Lowell, to Caroline, daughter of John Dow Esq.

At North Chelmsford, Charles H. Allen, to Sarah, daughter of Wm Adams Esq.

At Londonderry, N H, Wm G. Bickford, of this city, to Mary Jane Holmes, of L.

At Portland, F. O. McLellan, of Boston, to Caroline W. Bartels, of P.

At Warren, R I, Dr Otis Bullock to Martha M, eldest daughter of Hon Samuel Randall.

At New York, Wm Clarke Jr Esq, of the house of S. & M. Allen & Co, of New Orleans, to Anne F, daughter of Col Shellman, of Savannah, Geo.

At Liverpool, Henry Wallack to Miss Turpin, both of the Theatre Royal, in that city.

DEATHS.

At South Boston, Mrs Elizabeth Carrol Glaty, formerly of Portland, 65.

At Charlestown, Wm Stimpson, 81.

At Charlestown, 23d inst, Mrs Sarah C. Austin, wife of Arthur W. Austin Esq, and daughter of Hon Benjamin P. Williams, 29.

At Roxbury, at the house of Joseph Adams, 19th inst, Miss Elizabeth Cartwright, 68.

At Salem, Henry Elkins Esq, 75.

At the Insane Hospital, Worcester, John Lummus, M. D., of Lynn, 46.

At Scituate, widow Priscilla Clapp, 94.

At Framingham, 20th inst, Mrs Mary, wife of Dr John B. Kittridge, 54.

At Standish, Me, 11th inst, Ebenezer Shaw, 88. He has been twice married, and has had 26 children, [illegible] of whom are still living.

At Concord, N H, Daniel S. Welles, of the firm of D. S. Wells & Co, formerly of Boston, 26.

At Mason Village, N H, Francis Parkman, youngest child of John and Charlotte P. Fenno, of Chelsea, 14 mos.

At Portland, on 20th inst, of apoplexy, Joseph Titcomb Esq, 80.

At New Haven, after an illness which confined to her bed for the last twenty years, Miss Mary Crane, 36.

At Elizabethtown, N J, Henry P. Edes, only son of Capt Robt Edes, of this city, 2 yrs.

At Poughkeepsie, N Y, Lewis Mortimer, youngest son of N. G. Carnes, 14 mos.

At Fairfield, Illinois, Capt Nathaniel Pease, formerly of Brighton, 49.

At Antwerp, 4th July, Mr Patterson, U S Consul General for Belgium, 68.

At Liverpool, Capt G. W. Robinson, formerly master of ship Formosa, but more recently of ship Jubilee.

At Surinam, July 25, Mr Elliott, of Beverly, second officer of brig Ceres.

WARREN.
NATIONAL THEATRE.

MR W. F. JOHNSON'S BENEFIT, *and Last Appearance.*

On MONDAY EVENING, August 29th,
Will be performed
TOWN AND COUNTRY!

Reuben Glenroy, : : : : : : : : Mr Pelby.
Cosey, : : : : : : : : Mr W F Johnson.
Capt Glenroy, : : : : : : : : Mr W H Smith.
Hon Mrs Glenroy, : : : : : : : Mrs Pelby.
Rosalie Somers, : : : : : : : Mrs Anderson.

A Dance, by Miss Angelica.

Sailor's Hornpipe, by Miss Fox.

To conclude with the new Farce by Mrs Planche, of my
HANDSOME HUSBAND!
Or, Love and Blindness.

Capt Henry Fitz-Herbert, : : : : : Mr Smith.
Hon Mrs Melford, : : : : : Mrs Anderson.

☞ Mr C. H. EATON is engaged. Notice will be given of his first appearance.

PRICES: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1 2; Gallery 25.
*⁎*Doors open at 1-4 before 7; Performances commence 1-4 after 7.

A CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC BY THE BLIND,

WILL be given at the Institution, 19 Pearl street, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, August 31st, at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 50 cents, to be had at Ticknor's Bookstore.
a27 h—g3

SURAULT'S FRENCH COURSE.

THE continuation of F. M. J. Surault's French Course will be henceforth published by S. Burdett, Foreign Bookstore, No. 18 Court street.

This day published and for sale by S. Burdett, Surault's Key to his New French Exercises, for the use of Instructors only, or of those who cannot have access to a French Teacher.

This day published also, and for sale by S. Burdett, the 6th volume of Surault's French Course, called *Conversational French Exercises*; or, a Selection of the Best Phrases to enable Students to maintain a French Conversation.

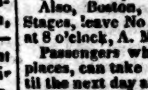
PREFACE TO THE FRENCH CONVERSATIONS.

[illegible] oring to learn the French Language will deem an apology necessary for offering to the public another work intended to facilitate French Conversation. Numerous Phrase-books, it is true, have been published to promote this desirable object, but they have not answered the purpose, either because the topics introduced were not judiciously selected, or because the French has been deficient in purity from the ignorance of the compilers. It is hoped and believed that the present work will do more than has yet been [illegible] It was originally published in England, [illegible] lish phrases chiefly translated from classic French Authors, and intended to be used as a manual of topics by the Teacher in conversing with his pupils. Several editions have been called for in England, and the Editor found it on examination so much better in the selection and treatment of topics than any he has met with, that he has thought it would be useful to render the phrases into French, by consulting, when he could, the authors from whom they were taken, and to submit it to Teachers for the use of their pupils as a conversation Phrase-book.

August 1, 1836.

The Seventh Volume, now preparing for publication, is a collection of French Anecdotes. A 29

A DAILY LINE OF STAGES RUN FROM BOSTON TO SARATOGA SPRINGS, VIZ:



Fitchburg, Keene, Bellows Fall, Arlington, in two days and a half from Boston, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also, by way of Chester and Manchester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Also, Boston, Lancaster and Fitchburg Accommodation Stages, leave No 11 Elm street, every day, (Sunday excepted) at 8 o'clock, A. M.

Passengers who wish to take the stage for any of the above places, can take the 8 o'clock, A. M. and stop at Fitchburg until the next day at 12 o'clock, at noon, and then take any of the above Lines of Stages for the Springs—Keene or Brattleboro', Greenfield or Albany.

Extra Coaches for nine seats furnished at any hour for any of the above lines at Boston.

Office at No 11 Elm street, Boston.

CHARLES FIELD, Agent.

Stage leaves Wildes' General Stage Office, No 11 Elm street, daily, for Fitchburg, Keene and Burlington, Vt. Also, Brattleboro' and Albany. Also, Greenfield and Albany.

a26 3m* CHARLES FIELD, Agent.

SILKS, FIG'D MERINOS, IRISH POPLINS, &c,

JUST received by E. F. NEWHALL, No 179 Washington street—
New style figured Merinos;
Fig'd and plain Irish Poplins;
Rich fig'd Silks, fawns, blue-black, and other desirable colors;
Double faced Silks, best quality;
do do, low price, all colors;
Best jet and blue back wide Silks;
Colored Pou de Sois and Gro de Naples;
Plaid Silks, blue-black Turk Satins;
Italian Lustrings and Gro de Swiss;
Edinboro' Shawls, with scarlet, white, crimson and black grounds, very rich patterns;
Highland Plaid Shawls;
French and English Prints, of good styles;
Blk and col'd Merino Bombazines and Cambleteens;
French Merinos and Thibet Cloths, richest shades;
Invisible green, mulberry and dark brown English Merinos.
☞ The above goods in great variety of styles and qualities will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to call at 179 Washington street.
A 17 tf

JAMES A. GUNNISON,
DRAPER AND TAILOR,..No. 9 STATE STREET,
WHERE MAY BE FOUND
A variety of the Newest Styles of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.
A 29 1m

THE SWEETS OF LIFE WITHOUT ARDENT.

THE citizens of Boston, will find an excellent variety of confectionary, Ices, Fruits, Wines, Soda, Mead, Mineral Waters, &c. &c, to check the pain of hunger and thirst, at F. MAGILL'S elegant refectory, just opened at the corner of Dock square and Brattle street. A 22

WANTED,

A JOURNEYMAN Confectioner, or Pastry Baker, to go to Providence, to whom good wages will be given. Inquire at this office. 2w A 19

THE VARIOUS WEAKNESSES

PECULIAR to the fair sex come immediately under the power of DR W. EVANS' TONIC CAMOMILE PILLS, and ladies of fashion and respectability in this country, and especially in Europe, to be the best medical appendage to the toilet they ever met with, recruiting the decayed spirits, dissipating the headache, dullness and langour, and creating a pleasing vivacity and chasing away melancholy—they give comfort and strength to the whole system. Sold wholesale and retail at 36 Cornhill. m A 19

NEW SHOE STORE.

WILLIAM M. LORING begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has taken Store No 2, south side Hanover, near Court street, where he has on hand, and intends keeping, a good assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of the first quality, made expressly for the retail trade. He would also inform them, that he intends keeping a general assortment of *Hats, Caps, Clothing, Umbrellas, Stocks* and *ready made Linen*. All of which he offers at a small advance from cost. 1m A 5

A CARD.

THE Subscriber most respectfully announces to his friends and customers, that store No. 15 Court street, recently damaged by fire, has been newly fitted up, and is now supplied with an entire new stock of Hats, Caps, Gloves, &c. &c. forming a complete assortment of every description of the above articles, made in the most superior manner, and in the late fashion. His attention since the fire, has been exclusively devoted in selecting a stock, which he trusts will now be found equal to any other in the city. H. BAILEY.
Jy 15 15 Court-st.

TREMONT THEATRE.

☞ M'LLE CELESTE'S BENEFIT, AND LAST APPEARANCE.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION!!

On MONDAY EVENING, August 29,
The performances will commence with the new Comedy of
MARRIED RAKE!

Mr Frederick Flighty, - - - - - Mr G. Barrett.
Mrs Trictrac, - - - - - Mrs Barrett.

After which (1st time in America) A New Grand Dance, called the PRECIOSA, by M'lle Celeste.

During the evening, M'lle Celeste will execute a new Ballet Dance, called LE BOHEMIEN.

To conclude with (1st time on any stage) a new Grand Drama, called the
MOUNTAIN MAID!
Or—Country! Liberty! Death!

Andreas Tell, }
Gianbecho, } M'LLE CELESTE.
Mon Frank Furbion, }
Hans, }

☞ Doors open at ½ before 7 o'clock—Curtain will rise at ½ past 7 o'clock.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress sts

Furniture.
On MONDAY next, at 10 o'clock,
At House No 3 Beach street,
The entire Furniture of said house, consisting of 3 Kidderminster carpets—4 prime feather beds—4 French bedsteads—2 mahogany dining tables—1 do centre do—6 do chairs—flag do—common do—wash stands and tables—1 sofa, [illegible] in hair cloth—rocking chair—mahogany pier table—looking glasses—fire sette—castors—stoves—grates—bedding—knives and forks; china and glass ware, and a variety of kitchen furniture.

House and Land in Chelsea.
On WEDNESDAY next, at 12 o'clock,
On the premises,
A genteel new well-finished wooden House, containing 10 rooms, with 3,000 feet of Land. Terms liberal, made known at the sale.

Dry Goods.
On THURSDAY next, at 9 o'clock, at office,
Corner of Milk and Congress-sts.
Several parts of Stocks.
Also, several consignments of Fresh Goods, comprising a great variety of articles.
At 11 o'clock, 3 cases fine 4-4 Irish Linens.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received, and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.
Sheppard Lee. Written by himself.
The Philosopher of Benevolence. By Pharcellus Church, A.M. Rochester, N. Y.
Sacred Poetry. First American from the thirteenth English Edition. a27

ANDERSON'S EDITION OF THE EDINBURGH SELECT BRITISH THEATRE.

COMPLETE in sixteen numbers, containing the following popular Plays:
Nos 1, George Herriot; or, The Fortunes of Nigel;
2, Ivanhoe;
3, The Battle of Bothwell Bridge;
4, The Pirate: or Minna and Brenda;
5, The Tragedy of Douglas;
6, The Tragedy of Venice Preserved;
7, Drama of The Peveril of the Peak;
8, Montrose: or Children of the Mist;
9, Tragedy of Jane Shore;
10, do of Cato;
11, The Grecian Daughter;
12, Waverly;
13, Redgauntlet;
14, Mary Queen of Scots: or The Castle of Lochleven;
15, The Talisman;
15, Cramond Brig; or The Gudeman of Ballangiech;
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
a27 3w 133 Washington-st.

HAWES'S INSTITUTE,
MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE next Term of the Mount Washington Institute will commence on THURSDAY, 1st September next. A few more pupils can be accommodated. Applications for admission may be made at the Seminary, where the terms, course of instruction, &c. may be ascertained.
South Boston, August 27, 1836.
a27 h—g3&W

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND MISCELLANY.

PUBLISHED quarterly, at Edinburgh. MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street, are Agents for this work, and have just received No 48, for June, 1836. Price per annum $3. A few complete setts may be had as above if applied for immediately. 3w A 20

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PRINTS.

JUST received, selected with great care from the entire market, an extensive variety of splendid Calico Prints, dark, large and small figures and new styles. Also a general assortment of Dry Goods suitable for retailing, consisting almost entirely of new fall goods. JAMES C. WHITE.
a 20 op3t 45 Hanover street.

JUST RECEIVED

BY JOHN H. GRUSH, 251 Washington street, a good assortment of Shell and Horn Combs.

Also, English Dressing and Ivory Combs; French and English Hair and Clothes Brushes; Pocket Books; Card Cases; Chinese Gammon and Chess Boards; Tea Caddies; Steel, Ivory and Ebony Screw Cushings; Inlaid Shell and Scotch Snuffboxes; Cigar Cases; Plaques; Silver Pencil Cases; Toothpicks; Thimbles; Scissors; Razors; Knives; Ivory Fans; Toothbrushes; German, French and American Colognes and other perfumeries.

Also, a few cases India Toys; Baskets; Fans and a variety of Fancy Goods too numerous to mention.

THE 'MAINE QUARRYING ASSOCIATION,' [illegible] capital of 350,000 dollars, are prepared to execute orders for any dimensions and quantity of Granite from the Kennebunkport, United States Quarry. Application may be made to *John Neal, Daniel Winslow, Franklin Tinkham* at Portland—*Moses Kimball* at Boston—*Thomas Cooke & Co.* at New York, or to *John Kingsbury*, at the Quarry tf may 24

BOOKS.

FOR sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

The American Builders general Price Book and Estimator. To elucidate the principles of ascertaining the correct value of every description of artificer's work required in building, from the prime cost of materials and labor, in any part of New England: deduced from experience in the art of building; to which are added a variety of useful tables, memoranda, &c. By James Gallier, Architect. Second Edition—Revised and Improved.

Fosters's Book-Keeping. A 13

LOOK AT THIS!

THE proprietors respectfully announce to the citizens of Boston, and its vicinity, that they continue to cleanse and purify Feathers of all descriptions with Wood's new improved Patent Chemical Steam Feather Renovator, by which all dirt and offensive smells are removed, and feathers that have become heavy and matted together by long use or for want of being well cured while new can be made light and lively. The advantage this machine has over all others, is the removing of dirt and offensive smells without injuring the feathers, (which cannot be said of any other machine now in use.)

Persons wishing to have their Beds dressed in the best manner will do well to apply in season, as the proprietors intend to close their business soon in this city. All orders (with names and Nos of streets) left at the Washington Coffee House, or at their place of business, at the head of Wales' wharf, Sea street, will meet with attention.

Price for each bed, two dollars; do for new feathers four cent per lb.

Furthermore, the Proprietors being anxious to close their business as soon as possible, in consequence of one of them being obliged to return home soon, (which is some hundred miles to the west of this) take this method to inform the public at large that they will sell the Right of the above named Machine for any part of the New England States, the State of Maine, and Essex Co. Mass. excepted, which is sold. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call at the above named places soon, as sales and payments will be made to suit purchasers.

A 11 h—glm ROSS & BURLEIGH.

POCKET MAPS.

A LARGE assortment, among which are Mitchell's Travellers Guide; do Map of Texas and Maps of all the different United States. Just received and for sale at MARSH'S, 77 Washington street, Joy's Building.
J 26 tf

CHEMICAL EMBROCATION,

OR, WHITWELL'S TRUE AND ORIGINAL OPODELDOC. Tests of the only true kind:

1st. See that the certificate of the late Dr Mitchell, L.L.D, of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2nd. That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d. That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle; all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramps, etc, etc, etc; in a word, in all cases of external injury.

To COUNTRY TRADERS. Dealers in Medicine purchasing this article at the fountain head and at wholesale prices, will find more profit on the sales than on any of the imitations, besides having the satisfaction of selling to their customers the genuine article.

Sold by the principal druggists in the United States, who also keep for sale the VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, etc. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with, or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr Waterhouse, late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50c and 25c.

☞ Apply to the Druggist Store, corner of Milk and Bath, opposite Pearl street. tf J 1

DR. S. C. HEWETT,

BONE SETTER, 307 Washington street, Practitioner on Diseases of Joints and Limbs in general, would respectfully inform the public that he can be found at all times, at his rooms, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 9 P. M. Dr H. would mention that the law is repealed which debars him from collecting his bills, and that he will make charges against his patients as heretofore. For the last year, finding some patients disposed to take advantage of this law, he has adopted the practice of receiving his pay for each visit, when given. In no case would he be understood to let his charges stand on his books for merely one visit or advice, except they be protected. His charges in no case will exceed $2.00 per visit. People in low circumstances will be liberally considered.

Patients who cannot call on Dr H. at his Rooms, he will call on them at their residence. June 1

SILVER SPOONS, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

A GOOD assortment of Silver and Plated Spoons just finished. Also, just received a good assortment of Silver and Steel Bowed Spectacles, with plain and colored glasses. Also, Jet Enamelled, and Gilt Plaques, Buckles, Fancy Boxes, Baskets, &c. All of which will be sold as cheap as can be bought in any other store in the city, at 34 Hanover street, next door above the Earl Coffee House, by WILLIAM BRATT.
June 25

[illegible]

STANZAS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

'Art thou beautiful—[illegible] ... [illegible] PENN.

Bind up thy tresses, beautiful one,
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!
[illegible]
O'er a forehead [illegible]
Shaming the light of [illegible] pearls
Which bind o'er [illegible] sky soft, wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!
Beautiful creature—I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint has caught;
And the [illegible] light of thine eye hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away—away—there is danger here—
A terrible Phantom is bending near;
Ghostly and sunless, his rayless eye
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—
With no human look—with no human breath,
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly—but alas he will follow still,
Like a moon-light shadow beyond thy will;
In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,
Close at thy heel will that Phantom keep—
Still on thine ear shall his whispers be—
Wo—that such Phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted halls where the dancers go,
Like beautiful spirits to and fro;
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,
Like ivory bathed in still moon-light;
And not one star in the holy sky,
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh then—even then—he will follow thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;
In the softened light—in the turning dance—
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope.—Embrace it now,
While thy soul is open as is thy brow;
While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still
Gush clear as the unsoiled mountain rill—
And thy smiles are free as the airs of Spring,
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,
When the bud shall wither before its bloom,
When thy soul is sick of the emptiness
And changeful fashion of human bliss;
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling
Over thy heart as ice is stealing,—

Then, when thy spirit is turned above,
By the mild rebuke of the Christian's love;
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirred,
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—
Then will that Phantom of darkness be
Gladness and Promise and Bliss to thee.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE SKY: (AN EXTRACT.)

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

No wonder nations worshipped here, and bowed
Their forehead in the dust before the fires
That watch o'er Earth, and seem to speak aloud
The deeds of unborn ages; man aspires
To the high seat of gods, and never tires
To read the infinite, the past, and throw
Looks full of hope before him; so these fires
Which are so high, and look so far, must know
All that is big with fate, and will have birth below.

Faith centres in the sky; 'tis there we turn,
When Earth is only darkness—There we send
Our vows to those we fear, and those we learn,
When the last pulse beats low, to find the end
Of all we lose, and then in hope we tend
To the high dwelling of the stars—bright souls
Love with the purer elements to blend;
And so, when the deep knell its parting tolls,
They pass on the pure light that ever round it rolls.

So those, who have been gifted with the flame
Of an ascending intellect, whose light
Kindled as death drew near, and seemed the same,
Or fairer on the verge of Being's night—
Lo they have fixed their last look on the bright,
Clear sky, as if while [illegible] and bound
In a full sense of glory—their delight
Was [illegible] to have a sound—
It spoke in the long smile they cast on that holy round.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

BY THEODORE TREMONT, ESQ.

Spread to the breeze the flowing sheet,
[illegible]

Across the still unbroken deep,
A dazzling mirror's spotless breast,
The rippling waves now gently creep
As if afraid to break its rest.

But! see! the snowy canvas fills,
The laughing waves leap higher now,
Piling the deep with glassy hills,
And bursting as they strike our prow.

Free as the bird that skims the air,
Gliding along on tireless wing,
We drive away all anxious care,
And with a light heart, blithely sing;
The sea! the sea!
Bounding and free,
On its broad bosom we love to be;
With the blue sky above,
And the green wave below,
Flashing in sparkles of light as we go.

Onward we spring,
Like a living thing,
Our bark bounds on like a bird on the wing,
Now raised to the skies,
Now below in the deep,
Through the sparkling spray we gallantly sweep.
On the foaming tide
We proudly ride,
Or over the calm sea gracefully glide;
On the white crested wave,
Or the unruffled sea,
No child of the land so happy as we.

Tremont street, Aug. 18th, 1836.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

AWAY, thou false delusive sound,
Which oft has lulled the dreamer's fears,
And when he thought true bliss he'd found,
The cup o'erflowed with bitter tears.

Thou say'st that happiness is true;
But mortals oft have sought in vain
For one bright beam, one passing hue,
And found it all an empty name.

Thou bid'st the gay one seek the crowd
Where millions ride in Pleasure's car,
And wrapp'd in fashion's silvery shroud,
They think that naught their joys can mar.

But darkling clouds are hov'ring round,
And [illegible]
Then mirth and joy no more resound,
The [illegible] from Heaven to warn.

Then when the fleeting wing of Time
Like to a courser speeds his way,
Changes the youth to manhood's prime,
Ambition wields the scept'r'd sway.

He seeks alone applause to gain,
And thinks his happiness secur'd
In gaining but a hero's name,
And finds himself to grief inured.

When pleasure's smiles have ceas'd to charm,
And Mis'ry stamps her signet there,
Delusive joys then lose alarm,
And mirth gives way to anxious care.

When age has stolen o'er his brow,
And tells those joys were but a dream,
He envies not ambition's vow,
But looks above for bliss supreme.

AMERICAN WRITERS. The Post says that our authors write like women; and [illegible] that even his favorite Willis must come in for a share of the blame.

Whether this is a fact or not, we pretend not to say; but if it be true, is there not a cause? When American writer but exposes his attention to be read principally by the ladies and [illegible]

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.—NO LXXI.

THINGS IN ROME.

ROME, OCTOBER 1835.

All the wonders of the wonderful Vatican are not, however, in the sculpture galleries alone, though there is nothing in Beauty and Art, to be compared with them in the [illegible] globe. The Lodges of Raphael, as they are called, rooms which his pencil has adorned with "The School of Athens," "The Battle of Constantine," and others, and "God dividing the light from darkness," "Joseph explaining the dreams of Pharaoh," and many more frescoes by the same master, which the Christian world are copying to this day as illustrations for the Bible. "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican, is a fresco by Michael Angelo, on which he worked three years, and is generally supposed to be one of the sublimest pieces of art. The French were copying it when I was in the chapel, for Louis Phillipe, and what I saw was so faded, that it could with difficulty be traced out at all. Michael Angelo has said that painting in oil was but boys' play in comparison with this of fresco; but what a pity is it, that a work demanding such genius, and such labor, should perish so quickly! The Prophets and the Sibyls, the figure of the Deity, and those of Adam Eve are frescoes upon the ceiling of this chapel, by the same great man. In another gallery is the celebrated painting of the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Savior in which is in a miracle upon the canvass. The head in particular, has an expression of sublimity and glory, which I never saw equalled before, and which impresses the beholder with as strong an emotion as the most beautiful poetry or the most powerful prose. Domichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," contends in fame even with this master Raphael; and the contest is between them as to "which is the greater picture of the two most renowned in the world?" This little gallery—little in comparison with the other galleries of Italy, has but few pictures, but such as it has, are the choicest specimens of the art. And though Raphael's may be the first, yet such pictures as Titian's "Madonna and the Saints," and Guido's "Crucifixion of St. Peter" are the second—and with such a second, what must the first be?

This much may be said of the arts in this vast Vatican, and of works which cannot be seen even in weeks, and studied only in months and years. But there is yet another apartment as astonishing in its way, as are the Arts in theirs—and that is the Library. The hall in which this is placed, is by far the largest I have ever seen; and every little division in this magnificent hall is beautifully kept and adorned with frescoes, or other exhibitions of art. Judge what must be the value of its contents, from the fact that its collections began in the fifth century by the Pontiff St. Hilarians, and that from day to the present, the Pontiffs of Rome have increased its treasures. There are forty thousand manuscripts in this superb apartment, exclusive of the printed volumes. The vestibule of this library contains Chinese works, relative to Anatomy, Astronomy, and Geography, together with two columns, bearing ancient inscriptions. In the great saloon, adorned with frescoes, and with Etruscan and Grecian vases, Cinerary urns, Sarcophagi, one of which is of white marble, with a winding sheet of asbestos, and holds some of the rarest manuscripts in the world. Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic and Armenian Bibles are there. A Greek bible of the sixth century in capital letters, written according to the version of the Septuagint, and from which all the subsequent copies have been taken, is also shown. A Greek manuscript containing the Acts of the Apostles in letters of gold, a gift to a Pope by the Queen of Cyprus,—a manuscript Pliny, with beautiful miniatures of animals,—a Virgil of the fifth century written in capital letters, and illuminated with miniatures, representing the Trojans and the Latians in the dress of their own times,—a Science of the ninth century, illuminated with ancient marks,—a Treatise on the Seven Sacraments, composed by Henry VIII. of England, and original letters between that Prince and Anna Boleyn, are among the many curious objects pointed out, beautiful and historical too, as to the progress of art, as well as ancient, for such splendid books in manuscript as I have spoken of, show what infinite care was bestowed upon a work in ancient times, and how much it must have cost.

Two long galleries, in the long Hall of the library branch to the right and left from this grand Saloon.—Five columns of Porphyry, two of which with figures on the top were taken from the arch of Constantine, support the gallery on the right. Here are modern Paintings—presses filled with books, Tuscan and Grecian vases, and at the extremity of the gallery is a cabinet, containing beautiful cameo of Jupiter Æsculapius, [illegible] antiquities, Roman hair found in an ancient Sarcophagus, ancient seals, rings, &c. with the finest bust extant of Augustus. The gallery on the left is equally splendid and equally curious. Here are seen lamps and other antiquities found in the catacombs—instruments used in torturing the primitive christians, [illegible] riched with porphyry, and other precious marbles, hung round with specimens of the Egyptian papyrus, and over this is a ceiling, the master piece of Mengs, in fresco. But I am only compiling a catalogue; and yet this is necessary to give you a faint idea of what employed me for hours even in the outward observation of, without touching, or reading, or seeing even the printed books, all of which are kept in cases, or presses, and called for from the catalogue.

Thus hurriedly have I taken you through some of the apartments of the vatican, stopping only to notice a thing here and there—but of its treasures, of its wealth, of its grandeur and beauty, no pen can give a humble idea. I pardon all the sins at my confessional, of which they say the Popes have been guilty, for this proud monument of their taste, and their fame. No bigotry, no fanaticism, no injustice has presided over these splendid halls; for Roman god and Egyptian idol have as high a pedestal as Christian saint. The liberality, the enthusiasm, that have thus brought, collected, and preserved, and adorned these master pieces of master men, are worthy of all praise; and whatever the protestant may find to disgust him in Roman government or Roman chapel, he will forget all here in unbounded admiration for the care that has been bestowed upon LEARNING and upon ART. This, Roman pontiffs have done,—this, the government of Rome, the government of church and State in one, favored it is true by its position amid the ruins of the Rome of old, though no Raphael, nor Michael Angelo were *dug* from them. But if such are the doing of a heirarchy and a despotism, what is the duty of a free people governing themselves, justly boasting of their privileges, but at the same time loudly proclaiming, that it is their aim to enlarge, to elevate, and to cultivate the minds of men to the utmost possible extent? Do Americans believe that there is no *intellect*, but in that which the pen traces on paper, or the voice thunders out in the *forum*? Has the mechanism, with the exalted plans of a Fulton, no intellect, no soul, even if he never puts pen to paper, nor makes a speech in public? The chisel, I tell them, can embody a thought with tenfold the power of the pen; and if the works of the chisel could be printed and every where spread they would believe it. The pencil begins when the pen has exhausted its utmost power, and when a Milton or a Byron stops, a Raphael starts.—What Byron, for an example of the power of sculpture, has so beautifully written of the dying gladiator of the Capitol, the Grecian artist has made sublime and awful, even in marble. The British bard soared and stretched and soared, but yet he only *described*,—while the sculptor makes the thing itself, the very man, the very gladiator, and of marble too. Not a faculty God has given us, that cannot be developed more than it is;—and when we limit the patronage of intellect to men of letters, we underrate the soul entrusted to us. The eye can drink in pleasure as well as the mouth. He who touches our hearts, or elevates our ideas by addressing them, deserves as much our gratitude as he who does it by our ears.

Let us not boast then, of enlarging the mind,—cry not too clamorously that "we are of the greatest people on earth," till we begin to have some idea of that intellect that intellect that acts even in a higher sphere than Eloquence or Poetry. We may cut up the earth as we may, and dash about the rocks as we please in making Rail Roads and Canals, and a flood or an earthquake can do the like, and in all this a shovel and gun powder are as important instruments as we are; but there is a destiny higher and beyond that, a region more of the soul even on this earth for mortal man, and perhaps we are better fitted for that Heaven which Christianity promises us, and christian Poetry so richly decorates with Angels, and Music, and Beauty and Glory, the more we fit our eyes and our ears on earth to enjoy the pleasures awaiting us above. Eloquence may exhaust its power; Poetry may be inspired, but it can never describe such a Saviour as that of Raphael in his Transfiguration. There is a Sermon in it of nobler pathos than Fenelon ever reached. Certain it is our senses will never elevate our souls, but our souls must be addressed through them, and the Poetry and the Sculpture that preach to the eye, and the Music that touches the ear, divide empire with the homily of the Pulpit, and the ancient volume of the Divine. Christianity has met with its wonderful success by addressing all these avenues of the soul. *Words* are but signs, and are changed at pleasure though they admit of more variation and are clearer than hieroglyphics, or music, yet [illegible] that Utility is good in its way, [illegible] yet it is a lesson he is unable to [illegible] the leave, and that a country is far from [illegible] destiny that our Republic claims, which begins in [illegible] by the [illegible] and the useful alone. [illegible] with that, nor Rome, and a Republic [illegible] whose Future is [illegible] by teachings that Nature has drawn upon our soil, in Rivers, Mountains, and Lakes should at least begin to prepare for that future that awaits it.

B.

DISHONEST AND SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE OF PROPERTY!—On Friday last the members of the militia company of Ward No. 7 were ordered to assemble at the State House, to elect a captain. It was considered that as there was no occasion for the choice of such an officer, at such a place, the utmost caution should be observed in the selection of a man. The Editor of the POST was unanimously voted as THE MAN—and the following Address was posted on THE DOOR OF THE STATE HOUSE.

ATTENTION, THE WHOLE!!

Fellow Soldiers:—We are called upon this day to exercise one of the noblest privileges guaranteed to us by the laws, viz: the election of our militia officers. When we consider the importance of the occasion, and the effect that the election of this day may have upon the future destinies of our Republic, it is but natural that we should all feel anxious to place at the head of our Company, a man, who will lead us on to 'victory or death,' with the prudence and sagacity of a politician, and the resolute intrepidity of a soldier.—Such a man is CHARLES GORDON GREENE—a man, whose 'big, manly form,' is well calculated to fill out a military coat, and whose *exuberance of inches*, particularly capacitate him for a leader;—his modesty prevents him from standing before the public in that situation. A man, belonging to the party whose object is stated to be the '*spoils of office*'—he has kept entirely aloof from public stations. A firm supporter of the '*Military Chieftain*,' he has himself no military rank, higher than a private in Ward 7's Company, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, Massachusetts Militia. Is this right?—Is it as it should be?—Shall a man like this stand a specimen of '*solitary grandeur*,' unhonored by the suffrages of his fellow citizens,—rather shall not one so evidently adapted to fill the office of Captain be exalted to that station. Yes, Fellow Soldiers, *he shall be*. Let us then 'gird on our courage,' button up our coats, 'march to the battle field,' or rather to the ballot box, and there deposit our votes for Chas. G. Greene. Let him receive the votes of all, without distinction of party. Are you a Democrat? His brilliant eloquence, his indefatigable industry, and his untiring exertions in your behalf, entitle him to your support. Are you a Whig?—you should vote for him, to prove to your own party and the world that '*solitary grandeur*' candidates can sometimes be elected, in spite of all opposition.

Fellow Soldiers, this man *must be our Captain*, and, if he be, who can doubt that his praises will be recorded on paper, and the remembrance of his glorious achievements be forever entwined around our hearts.

Once more, fellow soldiers, let us vote for *Charles G. Greene* for Captain—a man who will adore the office, and fully support the GLORIA MARTE.

But the result of this true and thrilling appeal was not what the friends of the Editorial Corps would have desired. Having a Major and Lieutenant in their ranks, they wished a Captain also. But the recreant soldiers of Ward 7 were neglectful of their high duty, and threw 50 votes for Lieut. John Peasley, and only 24 for Mr Greene. When the vote was declared, four shed tears, five fainted, six groaned, all the rest dispersed in sadness, and the remainder felt very badly.

A BLUE BEARD IN OFFICE. The Marshall of Detroit has issued an edict for the extermination of dogs.—He says, 'No quarter will be given to *bitches* in any circumstances.'

☞ Ten millions of volumes are printed in Germany every year—and there are more than 50,000 men who have written at least one volume apiece.

A gentleman in the stage, the other day, speaking of the expectations formed by persons emigrating to new lands, said that they thought they had but to stick a pig's tail in the ground and it would grow to a hog.

MARTIAL. James Allen, a printer and editor is doing battle in Texas most manfully. He probably learned to fight on land by fighting on paper; as a certain old gentleman learned to swim by placing a frog before him in a basin and striking out his arms and legs on a polished table.

We learn by a cotemporary that the small size and leanness of the mackerel is owing to the backwardness of the season. That sufficiently accounts for the dearth and barrenness of the Bangor Commercial, where 'one eternal Frost,' forever reigns. The *backwardness* of the season must, however, be favorable to crabs.

ANTIPATHIES It is well known that some men, and those not always the weakest and most ignorant, have been endowed by nature with strange and unaccountable antipathies. King James could not look upon a naked sword; one philosopher trembled at the sight of a cat. A hero of renown was thrown into convulsions at the sight of a rat, and, in modern times, the gentleman who edits the Bangor [illegible]

Who edits the OLIVE BRANCH, a religious paper? The leading editorial in the last paper is really a delicate, charitable and high-toned article. George Pepper the Historian, or Dr. Bartlett, the Theologian, would be put to their trumps to outdo it.

We learn from the Statesman, published at Castleton, Vt. that the Wandering Piper was in that village on the evening of the 16th, *gratifying* the inhabitants with his pipes.

ARISTOCRACY. The Editor of the Philadelphia Ledger proposes a new plan for manufacturing dignitaries in our country—in the case of Mr. Locke. We shall not quote his language for we think he advises Mr. L. to *run into extremes*.

HYDROPHOBIA. A physician in New Jersey recommends innoculating with the kine pock near the part bitten by a mad dog—under the impression that one poison will counteract the other. He also recommends the flashing of gunpowder in the recent wounds, as topical inflammation prevents the absorption of the canine virus.

Never apply twice for the same favor, unless the circumstances of the case are changed. A second refusal is always more bitter than the first.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Cases of this sort are every day becoming more frequent. During the late balloon ascension of Mr Lauriat in New York, an individual thrust his hand into the pocket of another person, supposing it to be his own, and drew out a pocket book containing a large sum of money. He went off with the cash, and, at the last accounts, had not yet discovered his mistake. It is feared that Mr Hayes, in one of his absent moods, will clap his hand on the shoulder of the unfortunate man.

RECEIPT. When an individual imagines himself to be overwhelmed with affliction, or when he is suffering under any peculiar misfortune, let him steadily reflect that his situation is not so bad as it might be. If he is a bachelor and poor, let him rejoice that he has not a family of hungry and barefoot children. If he is married and has offspring, and has found himself compelled to retrench his expenses and live in a small house, let him be glad that his family are not tenants of the Alms House, and that he is still able to provide them with a home, and with the necessaries of life. Should one of his children be taken from him by death, let him rejoice that the little sufferer had every attention paid to it, while languishing on a sick bed, and that some of those apprehensions which harrass those of mature age, when about to die, disturbed its innocent and unconscious mind. By thinking of much worse evils, we may be better able to bear lighter ones. Let the afflicted try the experiment.

A favor done to the selfish or ungrateful man is like water poured into the throat of a dropsical person. There is no charity in doing good to such an individual—for it is only feeding his wickedness.

THE SEA SERPENT. This remarkable monster has once more made his appearance on our coasts. We have not heard whether he has brought any of the French indemnity with him.

The Whitaker family are said to be not half so bad as folks have pretended.

DOMESTIC HATS. A Mr. Grisse of Stonington has invented a new description of hats. They consist of a pumpkin, with the inside, seeds, &c. taken out. One end is shaved down, and it is then set upon the head. Some customers prefer them cooked. In that case double price is charged. A broad firkin hoop is added for such as wish to be considered Helen Jewett's mourners.

ECONOMY. A gentleman in Holden who uses tobacco, makes the most of it. He chews it until the juice is entirely exhausted, when he puts it in his pipe and smokes it.—He also uses the ashes for snuff.

Sheppard Lee, the new novel, an excellent satire on the manners of the present day, is attributed to the author of Swallow Barn and Horse-shoe Robinson.

ADVICE. Never pride yourself in the approval of a Doctor or school master, or poor relation. All these will praise every thing you say or do. Their friendship is like that of the leech, which clings to your person in order to fill itself with your blood.

RED-HAIRED WOMEN are generally truly feminine in their character, warm-hearted, and affectionate. Red haired men are generally intellectual, high spirited and jealous. Two of the best editors in our country (Noah, and C. G. Greene,) are of this complexion.

☞ Sir John Franklin, the explorer of the Arctic Seas has been appointed Governor of Van Dieman's Land.

ATHEISTICAL CHURCH. When a celebrated [illegible] first departure from the path of virtue was a neglect of [illegible] yielded to the various temptations which beset youth in all situations. We know a confirmed *infidel* who enjoins it upon all his family to attend divine service regularly—for, notwithstanding he does not believe in religion, he says that by meeting together once a week is a social and friendly [illegible] and orderly; and one is less liable to become disturbers of the public peace, and conspirators against their religious rights. The [illegible] of absenting ourselves from the house of God on the sabbath, and spending the day in lounging about the streets or in unprofitable amusement, has a great effect to fill our jails and our penitentiaries—to undermine and relax our sense of moral duty, and to breed those mobs and riots which have so lately threatened to snap asunder the reins of government and overturn our institutions.

☞ It is said that truth comes out without premeditation, while a lie requires some forethought and calculation. An Editor was lately bothered while in the midst of his meditations by a little inky wight who cried in a shrill tone—'I am waiting for copy, sir.'

'The Devil you are!' exclaimed the Editor.

'Yes, sir,' replied the boy with all the simplicity imaginable.

HUSBANDS. Husbands in Wisconsin Territory are a mere drug. Women are in great demand, and could find a ready market by emigrating directly. Old maids would find it to their advantage to go.

A DELICATE EDITOR. A cotemporary says that the Southern planters have discovered something appertaining to the cotton plant which will 'burn as well as sperm, without any of its *offensive smell*!' The offensive smell of spermaceti! Truly, we have fallen upon a delicate age. This beats Hippia's fop—for, even he saw nothing objectionable in spermaceti.

WARREN BRIDGE. Measures were taken last week to ascertain the amount *of one day's* travel on Warren Bridge. The Bunker Hill Aurora says that an accurate account was kept from daylight to half past nine o'clock in the evening. The result according to the Aurora is as follows:

Number of	Chaises,	788,	at 8d	$71,44
"	Wagons,	1062,	4d	59,00
"	Teams,	415,	6d	34,58
"	Coaches,	192,	1s	32,00
"	Horses,	120	4c	4,80
"	Foot,	2084,	1c	20,84
Total amount of toll,				$252,66

Previous to the erection of the Warren Bridge, an account was taken, at the Charles River Bridge, of the amount of tolls received at the following periods:

30 days in April, 1824, which is	$75 per day	$2,269,75
9 days in April, 1834, which is	85 per day	765,28
9 days in Jan. and Feb, 1835, which is	71 per day	637,37
8 days in Oct. 1827, which is	110 per day	886,61
	341	
Average,	85 per day.	

After the erection of the Warren Bridge, the amount of toll was

At the Warren Bridge,	$22,000
Charles River Bridge,	11,000
Average per year, which is about $90 per day.	$33,000

It will be seen that the amount of toll which would accrue on Warren Bridge, if it were not free, would be more than *four times* as much as before; and nearly *three times* as much as was taken on both bridges, on an average of years since the erection of the Warren. It is to be remembered, also, that since 1834, nearly all the Eastern travel on some other, has been drawn from these bridges and now enters Boston over the East Boston and Chelsea ferries. About *four thousand foot passengers* pass over Warren Bridge daily. On the same day the account of travel was taken on Warren Bridge, *thirty-eight vessels* passed through the draw.

We understand that Mr Armstrong has signified to some of his friends his intention to decline a re-election to the office of Mayor.

A FREE NEGRO SELLING HIS OWN CHILDREN. A white man arrived at Norfolk a few days ago from Richmond, having with him a negro man and two small boys. He offered the boys for sale to several persons, but the price $700, being thought too high, he lowered it to $450 which induced a suspicion that he had not come honestly by them; but to this suspicion was opposed the ready declaration of the negro man, that Mr. —— had bought him and the two boys who were his children, in Petersburg. Still, however, it was thought proper to investigate the matter, and the white man with the negroes were taken to the Mayor's office, when the truth came out that the negro was a free man, belonging to Petersburg; that the boys, also free, [illegible] he had entered into a compact with the white monster to carry the children abroad and sell them and divide the money! All parties are in custody.

PEACHES.—The backwardness of the season does not affect those who live in the vicinity of the post office. The Crier made his appearance there on Monday afternoon with two peaches in his hand, and beckoned the listeners to a waggon load of the article, abreast of the post office; when, upon inquiring the price, we found them going at fourpence apiece for the good ones, two cents apiece for those which were half rotten, and two for a cent for those which were all rotten, and about the size of a nutmeg.

MARINERS' CHURCH.—Is there no way by which strangers can be accommodated at the Mariners' Church? We think that as this church is intended for seafaring people, those who come from the ocean, and are strangers here, should be enabled to find seats, either by the assistance of an accommodating sexton, or a printed bill stating where they can be seated. We are led to make these remarks by hearing several sea-captains complain that on attending that church, for the purpose of hearing Mr Taylor, they were moved about from one place to another, until they were fain to move out of the house with their wives, for want of a place where they could remain in peace.

A gentleman just returned from Yale Commencement, and who is acquainted with the present state of things, informs us that on the two regular days of examination of candidates for admission to the Freshman Class, one hundred and eleven were offered, ninety-five of whom were admitted.

SERVANTS.—A gentleman in Pawtucket advertises for a servant of middling sized character, large hands, and small appetite. This custom of trifling with the feelings of those females whose circumstances compel them to minister to others is cruel and unjust. There are many girls whose narrow fortunes compel them to drudge for a livelihood, who are in every respect worthy of the esteem of all sensible persons.

Large beds of plaster, or marl, have been discovered on the outlet of Concous Lake, at which a mill is to be erected to grind it.

TEMPERANCE. The Duke of Wellington is a staunch supporter of the Temperance cause. The influence of a secular man in such a cause is much greater than that of the clergy. 'I know that you can preach'—said the fine lady to William Penn—'but I want to hear some of your rough ploughmen.'

'Some of them,' said the Quaker governor, 'can preach better than I can.'

A LIMB OF THE LAW. If there is any being worthy of the detestation of the human race, it is a pettyfogging, cheating, overreaching lawyer—of whom there are many in this region. His profession gives him an opportunity to indulge his rascality beyond the scope afforded to other men, and the poor and unsuspecting will be sure to fall a prey to his designs.

We have lately heard of an example of the kind. He is a resident of the town of W—— not forty miles from Boston; and here is the relation of one of his late tricks. A poor old Revolutionary soldier, owed a butcher a sum of money which he was not able to pay. He gave him a calf which he had, and this reduced the debt to three dollars and a half. The old soldier had nothing in the world but a small garden, planted with onions and cabbages—which, when they had become ripe might yield him twenty-five dollars. This worthy limb of the law whom we have spoken of, persuaded the butcher to sue the old soldier, and his onions and cabbages were pulled up in their comparatively worthless state, and sold at auction. They produced *nine dollars—of which the lawyer took six for his fees, and the auctioneer three for his trouble*—leaving the poor man without his garden, and his debt unpaid.

Some Mormon Apostles gave an exhibition in Salem on Saturday afternoon at the Lyceum Hall.

A person is confined in prison at Paris who claims to be the son of Louis XVI and Maria Antoinette. He signs himself Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy.

ROGUES BEWARE! Blaney, the Old Hays of Philadelphia has been seen prowling about Troy, N. Y. He is supposed to be engaged in ferreting out some person implicated in a high crime against the government of the Union. He is on his way to Boston.

MELANCHOLY. A son of Mr. Abraham Valentine, was drowned at Rye Flats, Worcester county, N. Y. while bathing with a number of pupils, under the care of their master, Mr. Swinburne. The tutor came very near losing his life, in saving another lad.

Thomas Wintinger was executed at Wheeling, Va. on the 15th of August, for the murder of Jane Chrisman in April last. A warrant for the reprieve of Bean Long, the accomplice in the murder, until the 22d of September, was received from the Acting Governor.

An elegant dress sword presented to Capt. John Percival by the crew of the U. S. ship Erie may be seen at O. C. Greenleaf's store, in Washington street. Capt. Percival is an officer universally esteemed by those who are acquainted with him—and a faithful and efficient naval commander.

The Spirit of the Times is promised a new correspondent in Mr. Broadnax of Huntsville, Alabama, who goes to England to improve his health, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the [illegible] in that country.

The Sun has been making a statement of the extent of circulation of the sixpenny dailies of New York. The Journal of Commerce says that the Sun's account is not correct.

A LADY'S TOAST. The following is from the Post.—The sentiment is a good one, and proves what we have always believed that the moral sense is stronger in woman than in man—and that straight forward Justice is one of her distinguishing characteristics. It is not strange that ladies should know how to make a good *toast*.

A HINT AT THE EPAULETTS. Upon the return of a company of volunteers from the Indian war to their native country in Georgia, the ladies gave them a treat, and one of them the following sentiment:

By Mrs. Caroline A. Wingfield.—The *private soldier* whose common lot is to bear the burden of the battle, while its officers bear away its honors; the fair of the land will extend to him a more *righteous judgement*, and a more equal reward.

The magnanimity of the Post in publishing the above, can only be fully estimated by those who are acquainted with the peculiar situation in which its editor stands before the public—as a candidate for military promotion. He may well be considered as 'a hero of the pen and sword!'

In consequence of the unusually cold and wet season, there will not be as many bricks made in the vicinity of Boston as was expected by 10 or 15 millions. They are therefore on the rise.

MURE'S EGGS. These are not mare's eggs, notwithstanding the similarity of the name. They are palatable and worthy of purchase.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCE AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, this day, August 24, 1836.

Examination in Latin, Greek and Mathematics.
Salutary Oration in Latin, Benjamin Pond.
English Essay.—'The effect of war upon society,' Samuel F. McCleary, Jr.
Latin Translation of an extract from an address of Hon. Joseph Story, Owen G. Peabody.
English Translation of the speech of Titus Quintius Capitolinus, from Livy, William T. Eustis, Jr.
Greek Translation of an extract from an address of Gov. Everett, Thomas R. Pynchon.
Latin Dialogue. Virgil, Horace, Mercury, and Scaliger, John Revere, Wallace B. White, Edmund B. Otis and John B. Lincoln.
English Essay. 'Honors paid to the distinguished dead,' William B. S. Gay.
Latin Poem. 'Bellum,' William R. Bagnall.
English Oration. 'Early Impressions,' Samuel Kneeland Jr.
Latin Translation of an extract from an address of Gov. Everett, Edward Capen.
Valedictory Oration in English, Horace Andrews.
All the exercises are original or translated by the performers.

FRENCH INDEMNITY.—On inquiry at the Treasury Department, we learn that all the money received in France on the four first instalments of the treaty has reached this country; and that soon as the nett proceeds can be ascertained, the residue, not paid out last May, will be paid to the claimants at the several places, of which public notice will in a few days be officially given.—*Globe.*

Orders have been issued for building at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, two brigs of 220 tons each, and at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, a schooner of 120 tons, for the exploring expedition. These vessels are intended to be built in the most substantial manner, and will be completed with all possible despatch.—*Navy Chronicle.*

A WILD WOMAN.—A Paris paper has the following article, under date of Douai, June 18—

The gendarmes brought to the prison of St. Waast a few days since, a girl about 20 years old, who was found lying sick in the fields near Marchiennes; this unfortunate creature, who is in a state of idiocy, and bears the marks of mutilation, appears to have lived for several years wandering in a savage manner; it is not known who brought her to this country. The words *yes sir*, which she pronounces sometimes, lead us to imagine that she is an English woman.

$100,000 FOUND. It will be remembered that a package of U. S. Bank Notes, amounting to $100,000, transmitted by the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati to its Agent in Philadelphia, some months ago, was lost, and has been advertised in the Journal of Commerce and several other papers. The package has been found much in the same place where the man found his spectacles. It was received from the messenger by the Agent in Philadelphia, together with several other packages, and thrown hastily into his iron chest, when it happened to get under some loose papers, so that when the other packages were taken out that was not seen. It however lay quietly in the same place until Saturday last, when it was discovered, to the great joy of all concerned.—*Journal of Commerce.*

[illegible] tained in a bottle, was picked up on Thursday evening last twenty miles west of Fire Island Inlet. It is written in a very good hand. We trust it was a piece of thoughtlessness, for we can hardly suppose that any human being could be so much a fiend as to sport himself in this way, with any consciousness of the distress his sport would cost. Happily the Majestic is safe in port, so that the feelings of the relatives and friends of two hundred persons will not be agonised by the contents of the bottle. The following is the memorandum:

'Ship Majestic attacked by a piratical vessel ten days from Havre, robbed of all the money, all hands killed but the captain and first mate.'

BALTIMORE. The Baltimore papers speak of a great business which is going on there. The Baltimoreans deserve prosperity, for never were the interests of a city more zealously or more liberally watched over.

COMMERCE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The amount of imports into the port of Honolulu during the year 1834, was $272,000, as follows:

From the United States of America,	$36,000
" Valparaiso and Lima,	82,000
" Coast of California,	62,000
" China,	42,000
" Society and other South Sea Islands,	4,000
" America and England, per whale ships,	20,000
" New Zealand and New S. Wales,	16,000
" Columbia River and Russian Settlements,	10,000

The exports during the same period were valued at $265,600, consisting of sandal wood, sea otter skins, hides, oils, &c. and provisions furnished to whale ships.

The foreigners residing at Honolulu own one ship, one barque, five brigs, and seven schooners, all of which are engaged in the trade to California, the Russian settlements and China. During 1834, the number of vessels which entered the port was 20 American and 17 English whale ships, 9 merchant ships and 27 brigs.—*Merc. Jour.*

THE EXHIBITION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS took place this day. The Franklin Medals were presented to the following pupils, viz:

Latin: Horace Andrews, Samuel Kneeland, Jr. Benjamin Pond, S. F. McCleary, Jr. Wm. R. Bagnall.
English High: Zealous Bates Tower, George Francis Eveleth, James Kelt, Jr. Ebenezer White Durgan, Franklin Austin Hall, Martin Luther Bradford.
Eliot: Samuel H. Austin, Charles Beal, William P. Bristnall, William I. Clark, James W. Nash, William G. Reed.
Mayhew: Edward Brewer, William Henry Kent, Nathaniel Avery Daniels, Horatio Brooks Hersey, Edward Powers Gray, Hartwell Lincoln.
Adams: Luther C. Choate Arthur E. Fessenden, Francis a Niebuhr.
Franklin: George Andrews, George Chapin, Charles Eustis.
Boylston: James C. Tillotson, George D. Dana, Lewis E. Bradley.
Wells: Gustavus L. Bradford, George H. Pollock, Geo. J. Sumner.
Hawes: Oliver J. Fernald, Benjamin W. How, Elkanah C. Crosby.

RUM vs. WHALEMEN.—It appears from the Nantucket Inquirer that the Captains of whale ships at Woahoo are much pestered by rum sellers. A vessel called the Flibbertigibbet has been selling a cargo of rum to the sailors, which has produced bad effects in the fleet. An address was penned by a number of Captains, remonstrating to the authorities of Woahoo on the subject; and the Flibbertigibbet was made to vanish from the harbor. The cause of intemperance—so small in its beginning—has already reached the Isles of the Pacific Ocean.

☞ The Cincinnati Mirror says that a man who was hanged lately in a neighboring State for burglary and murder, confessed under the gallows that his career of crime began by stopping a newspaper, without paying for it. It is certain that he entered the Road to Ruin by the right gate.

CARPENTERS.—A very useful machine is used in Coburg U. C., which supercedes the use of carpenters' hands in preparing boards for flooring. It is propelled by a two horse tread wheel, and saws, planes, tongues, and grooves, 'with the greatest precision and facility.'

AFFLICTING DEATH.—A young lad whose parents reside in the vicinity of Mrs Steward's Seminary, (N. Y.) complained after a day's ramble over the common in the vicinity, of a soreness in the bottom of his foot. His father was unable to discover the cause, but in a short time the foot swelled up and the lad died. A rattlesnake had been seen in the neighborhood the same day.

MELANCHOLY.—Miss Mary Mason of Philadelphia fell from a tree on the 18th inst. and was drowned in a brook into which she fell.

COLLISION WITH A STEAMBOAT.—Schooner Orbit, Caleb, from Salem for Portland, with 17 passengers on board, including 11 ladies, was run foul of, on Thursday evening last, about 9 o'clock, by the Steamboat Independence from Portland for Boston, and had a narrow escape from total destruction. The Steamboat struck the Orbit on the larboard side, forward of the fore shrouds, stove in all the top timbers, carried away the head of the mainmast, split the mainsail, and did other damage. Both vessels reached Portland next day, and all the passengers of the Orbit were safely landed.—*Salem Register.*

Steamer Independence,
Off Gloucester, Monday Eve.

To our Armchair—

We have been questioning all hands from the Captain downwards, respecting the difficulty between the Independence and the Schooner Orbit of Salem. It is with utter astonishment and indignation that we had perused the statement of a passenger in the Essex Register, attributing all the affair to the perversity and carelessness of Capt. Howes and afterwards accusing him and his officers of the grossest inhumanity. We might be willing to allow the first portion of the charge, for there must have been the most culpable mismanagement somewhere—but when we found the allegation of inhumanity, we were led to suspect the truth of the whole statement. Whatever has been from time to time spoken or written respecting the Steamboat Independence, from motives of prejudice or what not, no one has ever dared to malign her commander. On the contrary he has won the respect and esteem of all who have been on board his boat, for gentlemanly demeanor, and a manifest desire to promote the comfort of his passengers.

To every sea-faring man the simple statement of the circumstances under which the two vessels went foul of each other must wholly exonerate the Independence from blame. The steamboat was holding on her course, sailing directly against the wind. It was a very dark and tempestuous night, and *she had three lanterns out*, besides which there were the sparks from her chimnies which might be seen in such darkness, a distance of twenty miles. The Schooner *was sailing directly before the wind, and had not a single lantern out.* She had therefore the whole advantage, with the ability of passing clear of the Steamer a mile or more had the Captain chosen. It was not until the Schooner was close upon the Independence that Capt Howes observed her—and then he gave instant directions to back the wheels, and spoke to the Captain of the Schooner to put his helm hard up. But it was too late—she struck near the prow of the Steamer, and immediately swung round side by side.

What influenced the Captain of the Schooner to run thus directly into danger, cannot be accounted for—and the only reasonable supposition is, that having several ladies on board he wished to run pretty close, to give them a sight of the Steamboat, and having got too near, was bewildered and did not know exactly what to do.

The writer in the Register after throwing all the blame upon Capt. Howes, then accuses him of inhumanity in the direst degree. He says that no effort was made to find out whether the schooner was in a *sinking* condition—that all which was done was to curse and swear, get clear as soon as possible, and leave the Schooner to its fate. Who that knows Capt. Howes will believe this? The fact was, that instead of lying to, the Schooner was off and on her course in a moment after they had struck. What would have been the use of Capt Howes' cruising round after her in the deep darkness? So far from any curses having been uttered from all we can learn, but few words passed between the parties, and these were of course, in relation to the imminent danger in which both vessels were placed. There was not a word said to the Capt. of the Schooner in relation to his gross negligence in the management of his vessel.

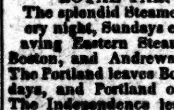
After the Schooner had proceeded on, Capt. Howes learned that one of her passengers was on board his boat. He was astonished. How he could have got on board, for it was a most temerarious action, considering the relative situation of the vessels, in the short time they were in contact, was a mystery. He went down to see him, and found in the cabin the man who probably concocted out of his brain the statement in the Register. He was frightened almost to death, and held in his hand a bonnet with a long veil, which in his perturbation he had clapped on his head. He did not know how he got on board the Steamer, nor what was the name of the Schooner of which he was a passenger, nor the name of her Captain. Is this a man to write an account of the difficulty? The idea is laughable. As to his ill treatment—Capt. Howes told him to make himself at home, and the steward gave him something to drink and found him a good berth.

Such is the truth in relation to the affair; and the circumstances so clearly substantiate the statement, that no contradiction may be challenged. We must confess our surprise that the Editor of the Register should have permitted himself to publish so exparte a relation, so extremely censorious, too, without further enquiry.

We think the Editor of the Register is called upon by his duty to the public to make known the name of his correspondent—whose veracity has been so satisfactorily impeached. The fact was, the poor man was so frightened that he knew nothing of what took place—and was probably enraged because some of the hands on board the Steamboat joked him respecting the bonnet.

Portland, Tuesday. We have seen the Captain of the Schooner. He admits that he *tried to cross the* bows of the Independence, and in *this he crossed all the* [illegible]. He maintains, however, that the Steamboat run into him, which is easily disproved, both by the situation of [illegible] Engine had been stopped and was then backing water.

We consider it necessary to make this statement to exonerate Capt. Howes, because there are many who visit with particular odium those officers of vessels who endanger life upon the high seas, either by carelessness or inhumanity. Capt. Howes is not liable in this case to the slightest imputation of either.



EASTERN STEAM BOAT MAIL LINE, for Portland, Bath, Gardiner, Bangor, Eastport, and St. Johns, New Brunswick.

The PORTLAND, 450 tons,	Capt Jabez Howes.
INDEPENDENCE, 500 do.	" Tho's Howes.
McDONOUGH, 300 tons do.	" Andrew Brown.
BANGOR, 400 do.	" S. H. Howes.
ROYAL TAR, 400 do.	" Reed.

The splendid Steamers Portland and Independence, will leave every night, Sundays excepted, between Boston and Portland, leaving Eastern Steamboat Wharf, foot of Hanover st. Boston, and Andrews' Wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, P. M. The Portland leaves Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Independence leaves Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. These steamers are expressly adapted for sea service and provided with extra boats and life preservers.

The superior Steamer McDonough has been put in perfect order, improved in model and speed, and will run daily between Portland and Hallowell, touching at Bath and Gardiner—will leave Portland after the arrival of the Boston Boats, at 6 o'clock A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Hallowell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the Night Boats for Boston.

The favorite Steamer Bangor will run as a Day Boat between Portland and Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Bucksport, Frankfort and Hampden, she will leave Portland Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boat, and Bangor, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the night boat for Boston; she is furnished with a Fire Engine, Life Preservers, Cork Mattresses and four Boats. One half the Portland and Independence will be reserved for the passengers from the Penobscot, and ample accommodation reserved for those from the Kennebec.

The new and superior Steamer Royal Tar, will run between Portland and St. John's, N. B., touching at Eastport. She will leave Portland on Fridays, after the arrival of the Portland from Boston, and St. John's on Wednesday afternoons, in season to place her passengers in the Independence on Thursday evening. The McDonough and Royal Tar commence their trips from and after May 8.

Fare from Boston to Portland,	$3;
" " Boston to Bath,	$3;
" " Boston to Hallowell,	$4;
" " Portland to Bangor,	$4;
" " Portland to Eastport.	$5;
" " Portland to St. John's,	$6;

Deck passengers, at reduced rates.
Freight received every day for the above ports.
☞ The Proprietors of the Boats, however, will not be responsible for any Bank Bills, Notes, Drafts, Packages, Trunks, or other articles of value, unless the value is disclosed, and a proportionable price paid, and a written receipt taken therefor, signed by the Captain or Clerk.
***All baggage at the sole risk of the owners thereof
Apply to L. W. GOODRICH, Agent, No 36 Washington st. or at the Eastern Steamboat Wharf. may 30

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ORDERS for Tufts's power and hand Printing Presses received by J. G. ROGERS, 30 Congress street. A variety of new and second hand Presses constantly on hand as above, and all articles connected with Printing furnished at short notice.
may 30

NEW BOOKS.

DOANE'S Surgery: Surgery illustrated, compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, and Blasius—with [illegible] plates. By A. Sidney Doane, A.M., M.D.
The Truth: its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena. By W. Mullenger Higgins. It being the [illegible] eighth volume of Harper's Family Library.
Frank. By Maria Edgeworth. Complete in one volume.
Map of Texas: with plates of the adjoining states. Compiled by Stephen F. Austin.
Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs: the roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat. Collected and edited by Peregrine Prolix. With a Map of Virginia.
Notes on the Wisconsin Territory, with a Map by Lieut. A. Lea, of U. S. Dragoons.
Richardson's New Dictionary of the English Language. The four first numbers received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st.
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J. W. CARTER,

DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, [illegible] Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail, [illegible] street, near the Broomfield House.
Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider, at wholesale; Roasted and Ground Coffee.
He also offers for sale a large Spring stock of Refined Cider, by the barrel or in bottles, as low as it can be bought in the city.
☞ Sent to any part of the city free of expense

BONNETS! BONNETS!!

THE remaining stock of Summer Bonnets, consisting of Florence, Dunstable, Open work, Palermo and Fancy Bonnets, will be so sold at low prices, for the present, at [illegible] Washington street. Also, a great assortment of rich Ribbons and Bonnet Silks, &c. &c.
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